

SPECIAL POLLUTED ISSUE OF

MAD

No.
146
Oct.
'71
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Norman Mingo

IN THIS ISSUE, WE CONTAMINATE "LOVE STORY"

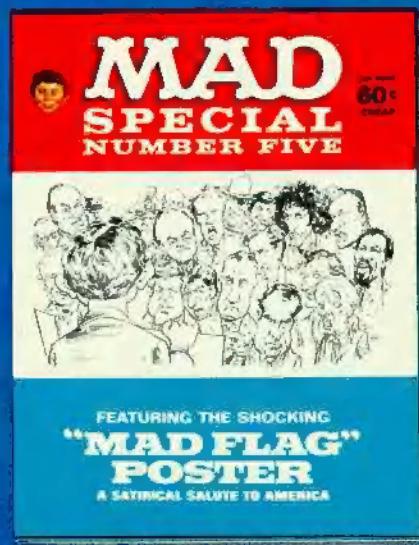
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it's 'Swallowing The Leader!' —Alfred E. Neuman

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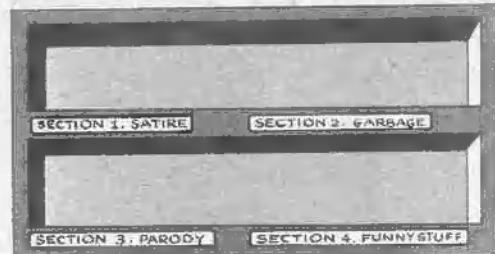


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LETTERS DEPT.



"SHMOE"

Your movie satire of "Joe" is a smash! Larry Siegel and Mort Drucker ought to receive a medal for it, from Congress.

Bobby Baro
Warren, N.J.

"Shmoe" was great! My Mom played Joe's wife in the picture but I still think your version was better than the movie.

James Callan
New York, N.Y.

Mort Drucker never fails to amaze me with his caricatures of various personalities. "Shmoe" is perfect!

Alix Stanley
Delaware, Ohio

Such snide remarks about our honorable Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew tend to corrupt the foundations of our firmly planted patriotism and undermine the efforts of our hard-working administration.

Yaral Legeis
New York, N.Y.

Your satire on the movie "Joe" was so funny, I took a right-winger out to lunch.

Aram Steinhardt
Livingston, N.J.

The article "Shmoe" was better dead than read.

Peter Heller
White Plains, N.Y.

With trash like "Shmoe" in your issues, I guess I'll continue to be willing to shell out your "outrageous!" price.

John Williams
Ann Arbor, Mich.

MAD SURPRISE PARTY

After I had the good fortune to break bread with all the MAD-men during the recent surprise party for your Production wizard, Leonard Brenner, it occurred to me that readers might like to see what the various MAD-men look like at "play". Photos taken that evening, as well as drawings presented to Leonard, are included in issue #10 of the quarterly magazine, "CARTOONIST PROfiles," which I have the fun editing. Subscriptions, if you'll pardon the expression, are \$8.00 per year.

Jud Hurd, Editor
"CARTOONIST PROfiles"
P.O. Box 325
Fairfield, Conn. 06430

DOVE STORY

The enclosed picture is from the "Long Island Press" newspaper for May 9, 1971. It proves that our soldiers read MAD and take hints from Al Jaffee's clever "Hawks & Doves".

Harry Besher
Flushing, N.Y.

May I direct your attention to the enclosed from the "Pacific Stars and Stripes," May 11th. It seems the 101st Airborne Division has a Private Doves of its own. Incidentally, as an avid reader of MAD for around fifteen years, I'm still keeping the faith. The issues arrive a little late but they go fast. Over here, MAD returns me to the sanity of the *real world*.

1 Lt. James Calantropio
Hue, South Vietnam



Apparently made by a U.S. Army bulldozer, the peace symbol stands out in the landscape near Camp Eagle, site of the 101st Airborne Division Headquarters in northern South Vietnam.

PHOTO BY WIDE WORLD

INCREDIBLE OCCULT MAGAZINE

Your article, "Incredible Occult Magazine", shows how ridiculous the whole business of astrology is. It shows that anyone who can generalize can write an astrology book.

Robert Olmik
El Paso, Texas

Congratulations to Frank Jacobs and George Woodbridge for livening up the spirits!

Andrew Rivera
Bronx, N.Y.

The minute I read your "Incredible Occult Magazine" I tore up the book and burned it. But last Friday it came back and it's been haunting me ever since.

Richard Mullins
Elkhart, Ind.

NON-SMOKERS HATE BOOK

Al Jaffee's "Non-Smokers Hate Book" is very true. Next time, he might add a good one to benefit *non-smoking* GI's who have to pick up other GI's butts while policing the area.

Sp/y Eugene Wagstaff
Fort Ord, Calif.

It brought to mind all the things that smokers do to me. Do you know a place where I can get loaded cigarettes?

David Lynch
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Being a confirmed non-smoker, I have suffered almost all the abuses cited by Mr. Jaffee. A salute to him and no butts about it!

Warren Goldfein
Elizabeth, N.J.

Even if they managed to clean up the air pollution in this country, the idiots who smoke wouldn't know the difference. You really gave them a lung-full!

Clinton Bennett
Tulsa, Okla.

THE MORNING DELIVERY

Congratulations to Max Brandel and Irving Schild on "The Morning Delivery". They really told it like it may become . . .

Jeff Goldberger
Randallstown, Md.

I loved the back cover, "A Scene We'd Hate To See," but shouldn't the subtitle read: "The Mourning Delivery" . . . ?

Gail Morse,
Bergenfield, N.J.

Regarding your "Morning Delivery", pretty smart on your part to have a newspaper in the pic instead of the biggest polluter of them all . . . MAD!

K. Vasudevan
Gainesville, Fla.

Those bottles on the doorstep (labeled Uncontaminated Milk, Clean Air, Pure Water) look like grim headstones for humanity. When will we wise up? Everybody talks about lousy water, especially when they're pouring good scotch into it.

Hames Ware
Pine Bluff, Ark.

MAD IS JUST FAIR

You have gratified many readers like me because you make fun of the people on both sides of any situation, the young, the old, the ambitious, the lazy, the pompous, the humble, the bombastic and the simple. I believe that your fairness in reducing all the victims of your satire to animate rhubarb has helped your magazine to thrive.

Bill Libby
Princeton, N.J.

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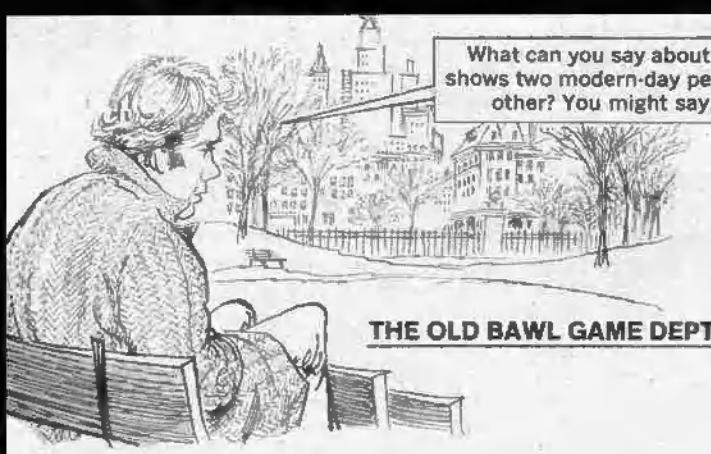
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**WORK
OF ART!**

Yep, shipping out these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid—suitable for framing or training puppies—is the work of Art Fleegle, our stock room boy! Unfortunately, Art hasn't worked since we hired him! So put Art in work! Order your portraits! Send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 8, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for #1 to MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022





What can you say about a movie that actually shows two modern-day people involved with each other? You might say, "That's strange!"

What can you say about a movie that not only shows two people involved with each other, but also in love? You might say, "That's unusual!"

LOVE

THE OLD BAWL GAME DEPT.

Hi! I'm Oscar Wallet IV!
I'm incredibly rich,
fantastically handsome,
a superb hockey player,
and perhaps the best
kisser in Harvard . . .
give or take a lip!

Get lost, Pee-Pee!!

No . . . you mean
"PREPPIE"!
Pee-Pee is a
form of childish
vulgarity!

BULL\$#*%! Now,
get lost, you
%\$# @ #\$_&*!

Hmm! I guess
you DID mean
Pee-Pee!

Look, you're
annoying me!
Please . . .
get the hell
out of here!!

Why should
I? My
family
OWNS this
Library!

I'll call
the
Police!!

We own the
Police, too!
Also the
School . . . and
the whole
State!!

The whole
STATE???

Yep! It's in my Mother's
name! Perhaps you've heard
of her . . . the former Martha
Ann Massachusetts!! But,
that's nothing! Wait till I
tell you about my **REALLY**
RICH UNCLE!! You'll never
believe what HE owns! Ever
hear of Irving America . . . ?



Well, then what do you say about a movie that, in this day and age, not only shows two people involved with each other and in love, but also of different sexes? You might say, "That's sick!"

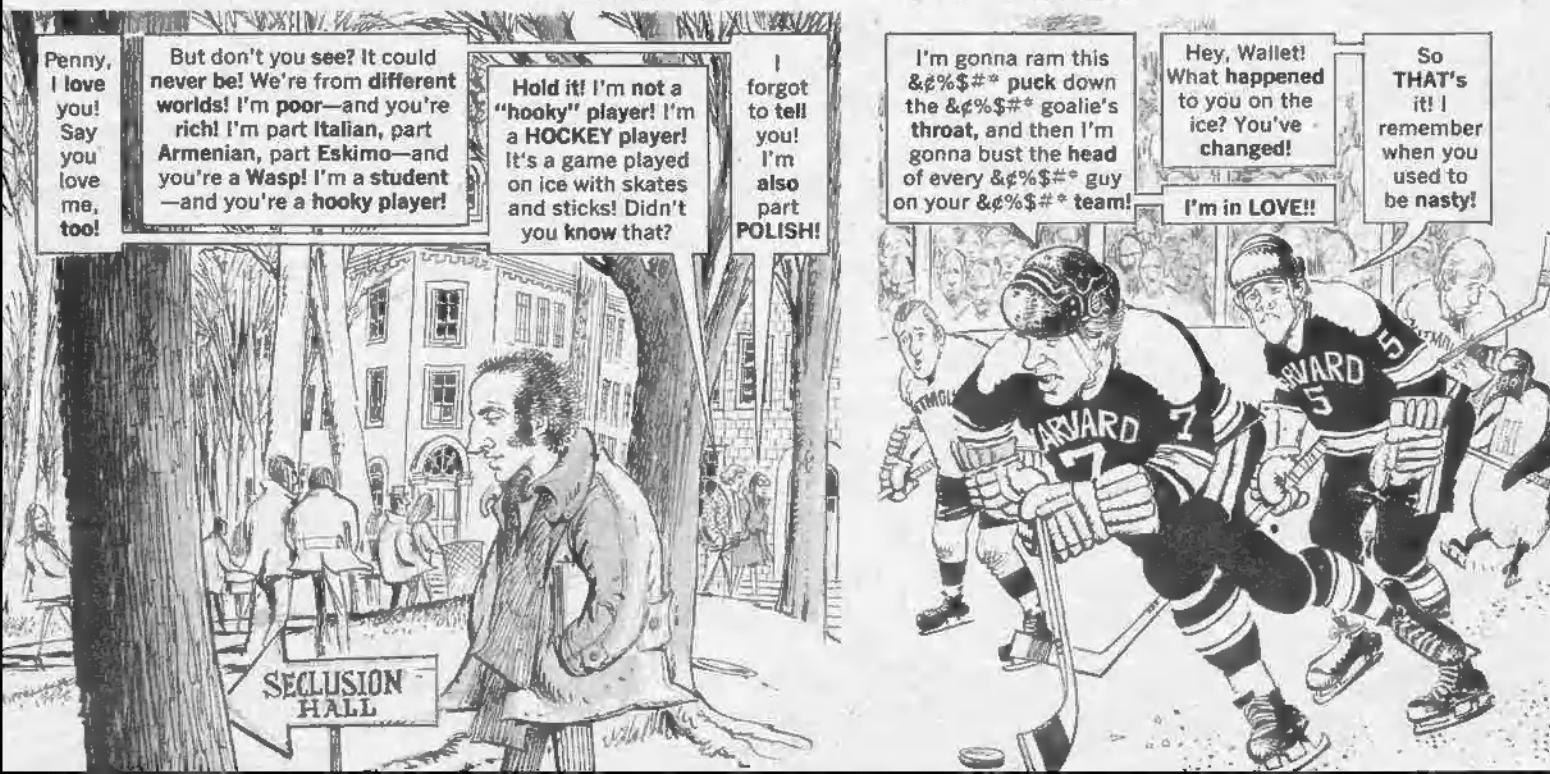
Okay, but please bear with me! Get out 25 boxes of Kleenex and be prepared to cry your eyes out! You see, this is a... sob... gulp... choke...

R'S STORY



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL





Who'd've thought I'd ever be on your bed, making love to you?! Oh, Oscar, I love you so much it hurts! Love can be so painful!

That's because you've got such a big soul —such a big heart!

No, it's because I've got such a big HOCKEY SKATE in my back!

I usually don't sleep with that, but my Teddy bear is at the cleaners!!

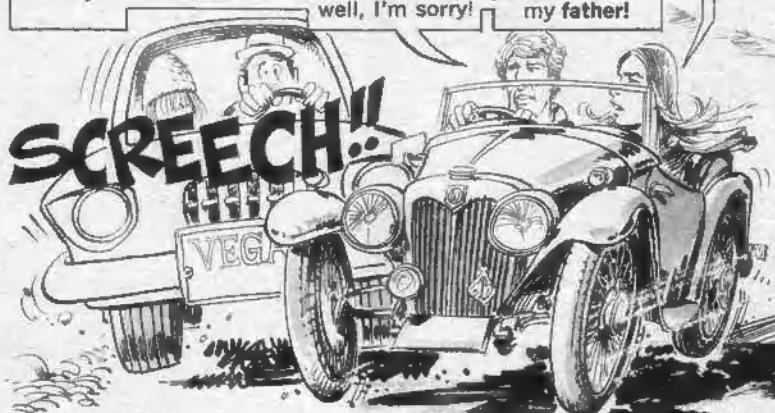
I'm sorry you hurt your back last night, Penny!

Always remember, Oscar—Love means never having to say you're sorry!

Gee, I sure hope you like my folks! But if you find them impossible—well, I'm sorry!

Oscar, I just told you Love means never having to say you're sorry!

Oh, no?! Wait'll you meet my father!



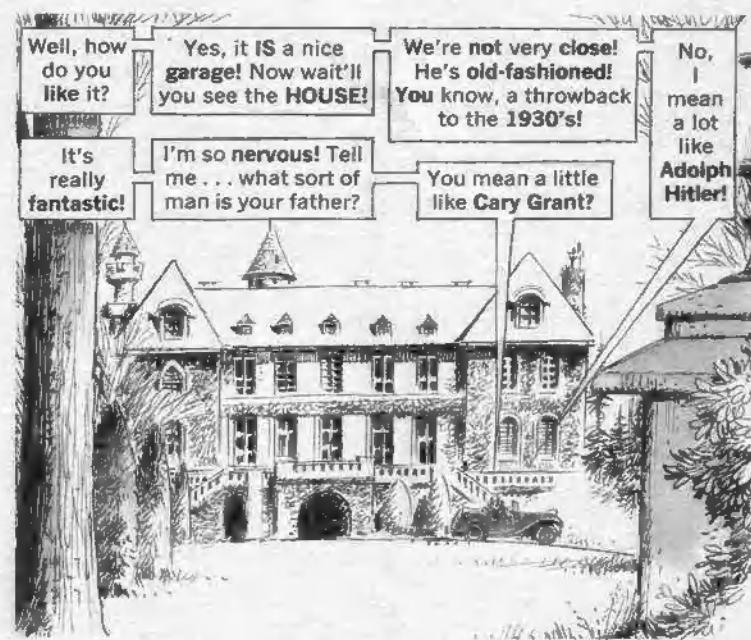
Maniacs! You came zooming by doing 85, you were in the wrong lane, and you made me wreck my car! You could at least say you're sorry!

Boy, are you stupid! Can't you see we're in love?!

In LOVE?! Well, why didn't you say so?! You don't have to say you're sorry! Never!! To think that I took up your precious time with my problems! I'M sorry!

THEY smashed OUR car! Why do YOU say you're sorry?

Idiot! I'm not in love!!



Oscar! Where the hell did you get those ridiculous glasses??!

I told you we're not very close!

Darling, the other one is Oscar!

Too bad! At least this one looks like a man!!

Father, this is the girl I'm going to marry!

She doesn't look at all like High Society to me! What's your last name, girl . . . ?

Cowznofskibumstein

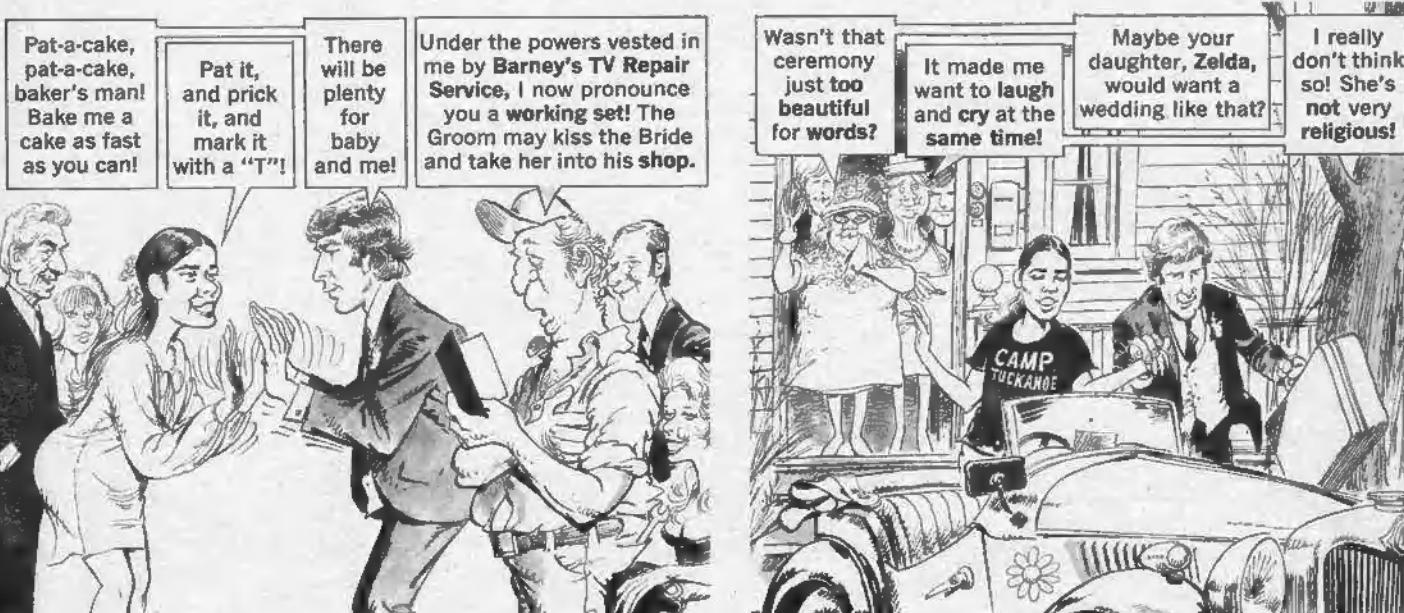
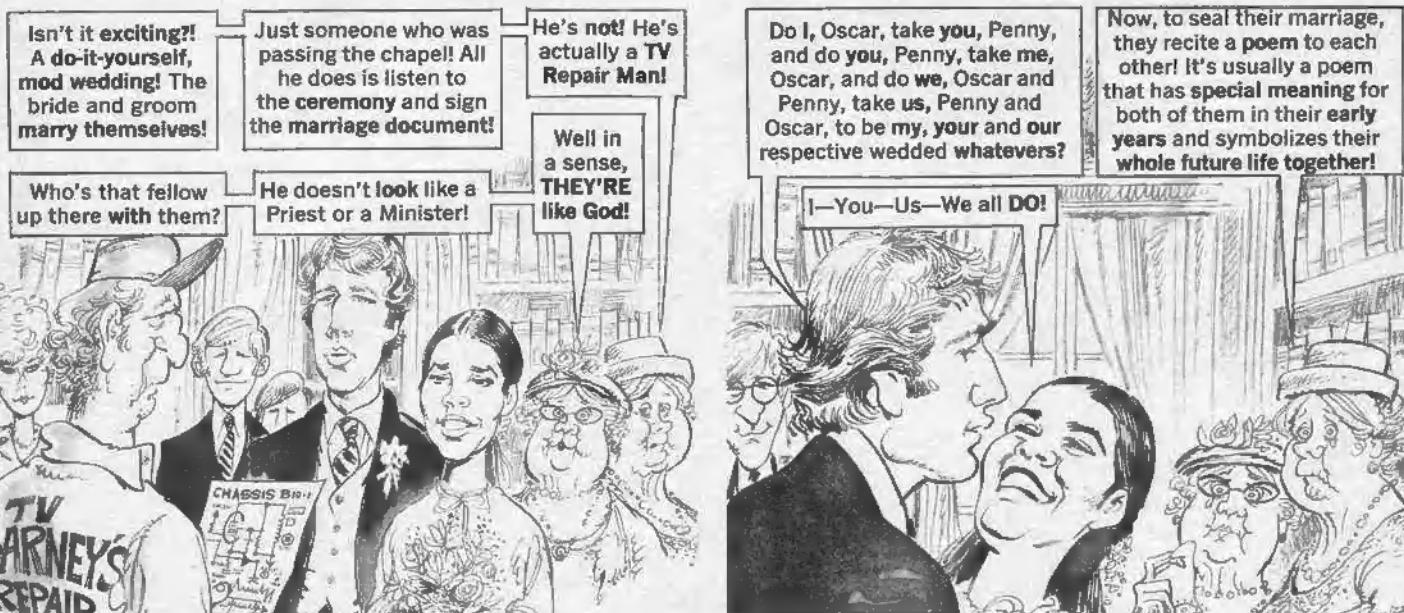
That's the most idiotic name I ever heard in—

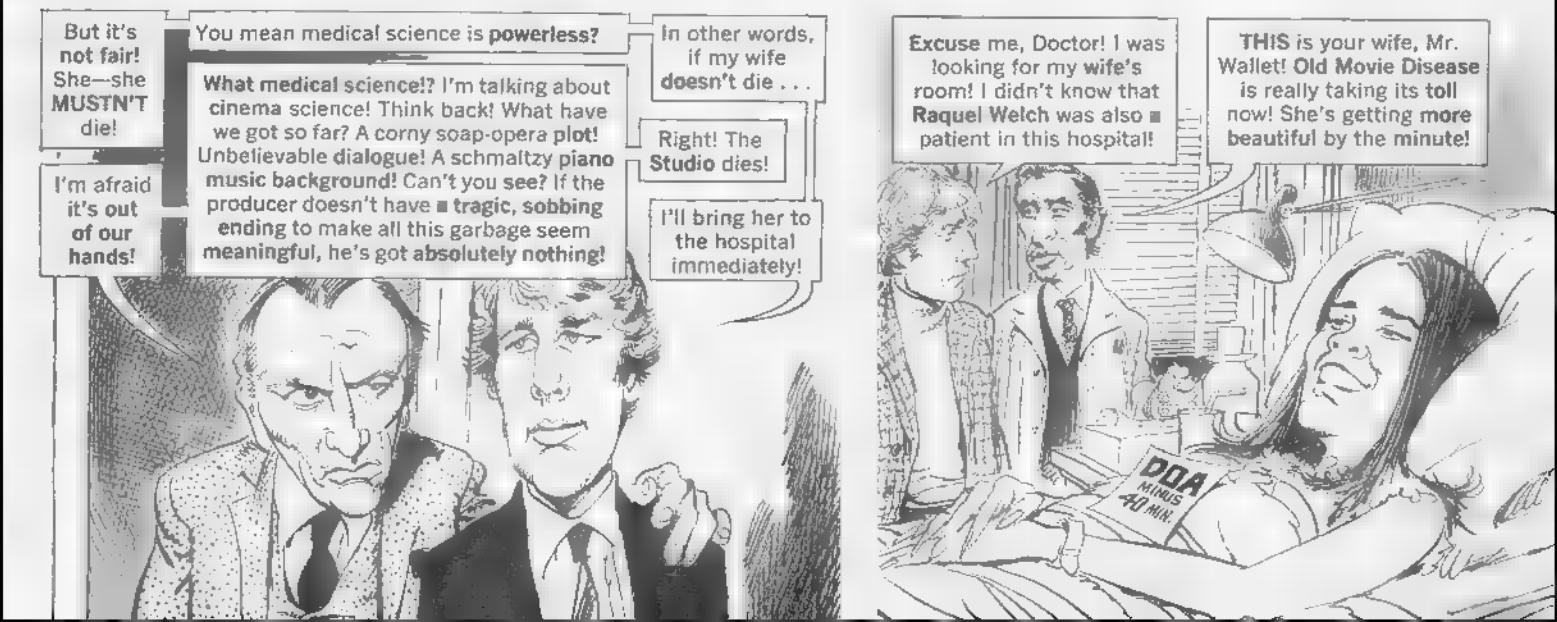
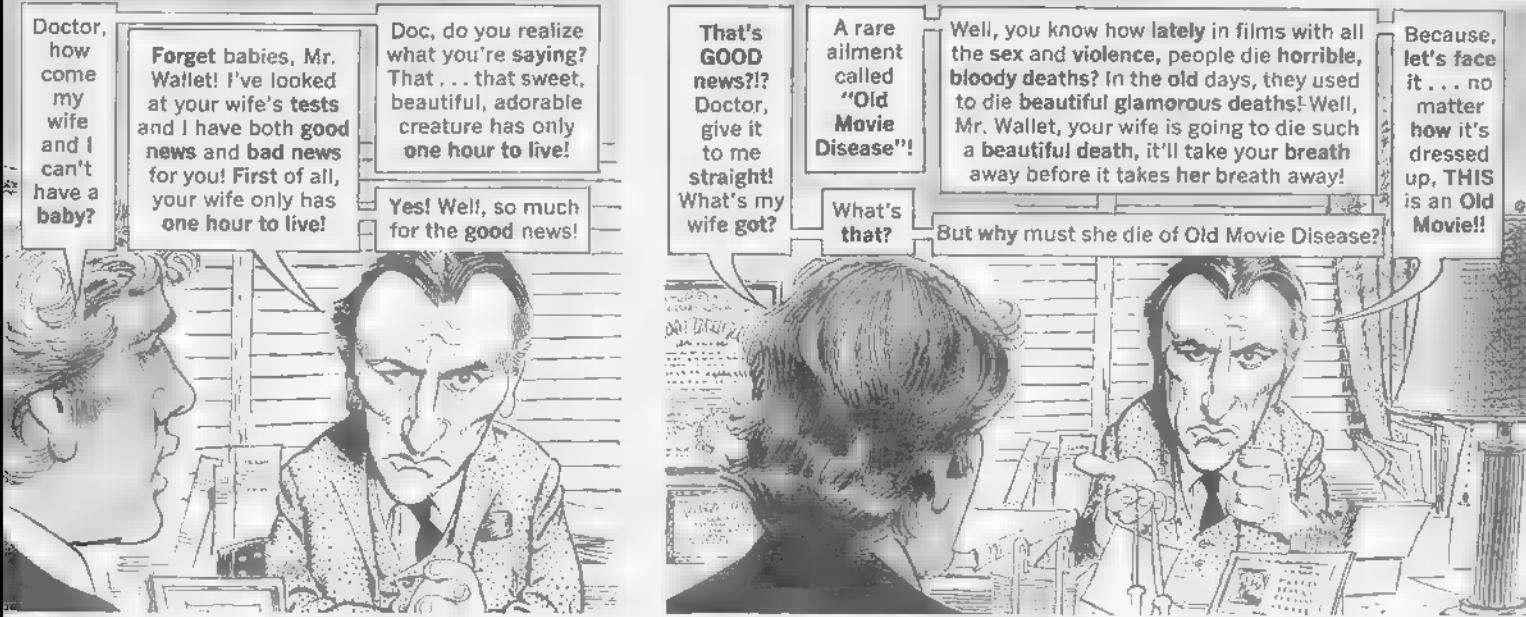
pasta fazoolah!

I can't believe that's your real name!

It's not! You should have heard it before we shortened it!







Can I speak to her?

Yes, but pretend there's nothing the matter! Above all, don't let her know she now has only a half hour to live!

The doctor says you're going to be—gulp—fine, honey! He says you're going to live a—choke—long, full life!

I'm glad! Darling, would you please put the TV set on for me?

Good idea! You can watch your favorite CBS program . . . "Thirty Minutes"!

No, silly! You have the title all wrong! I'm going to watch "Sixty Minutes"!

Trust me!

Look, Doc! The color is coming back to her cheeks, the mascara's coming back to her eyes, her bust-line has grown four inches, and all of her teeth are suddenly straight!

Poor kid! She's sinking fast!



Doctor! Doctor! Is she—?

I'm afraid she's gone!

But according to my watch, she should've lasted another ten minutes!

Medicine isn't perfect, Mr. Wallet! I'm sorry!

Hold it, Doc! Always remember, medicine is never having to say you're sorry!

This has GOT to be the most beautiful movie death EVER!!

This moment sort of makes me wonder!

About the mortality of Man here on Earth?

No . . . about whether those angels and cherubs are covered by my Blue Cross!



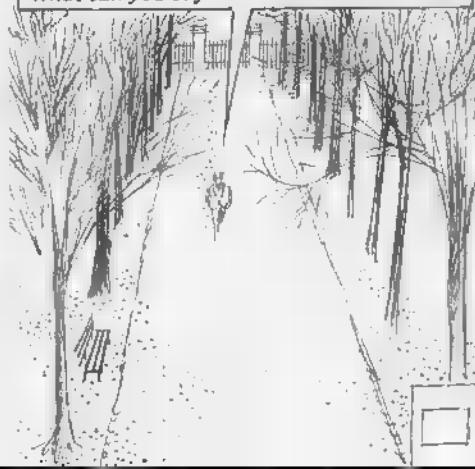
What can you say about a tear-jerker movie that makes death so beautiful?

What can you say about a movie that shows a fairy-tale college campus that couldn't possibly exist today?



What can you say about a movie that shows New York City as a fabulous wonderland—where you can walk through Central Park without being mugged?

What can you say about a movie like that?



BULL#\$%&*

Thanks, Penny . . . you just said it!



FOWL PLAY DEPT.



MAJOR HAWKS

HAWKS & DOVES



ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



PRIVATE DOVES



TURNING A PHRASE DEPT.

THIS IS A



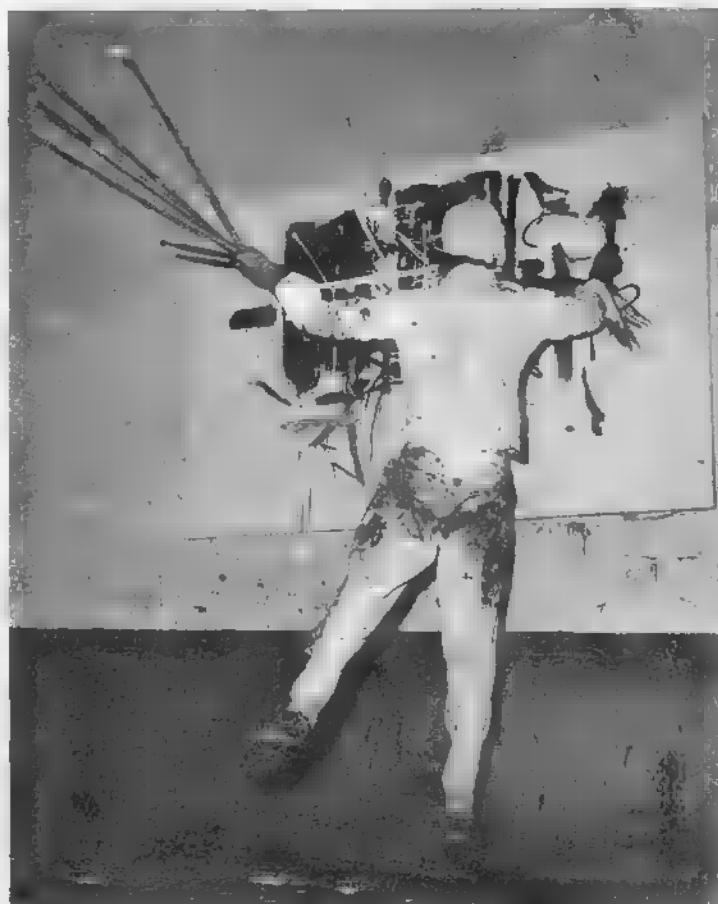
...where glory means death



...and death means glory!



...where junk is art



...and art is junk!

PHOTOS BY:
UPI AND
WORLD WIDE

MERICA...

CONCEIVED BY MAX BRANDEL



...where a dream is a reality ...and reality is a dream!



...where a nobody is a somebody ...and a somebody is a nobody!





...where night is day ...and day is night!



...where they don't say what they know ...and they don't know what they say!



...where much is done about nothing ...and nothing is done about much!



...where kids are adults



...and adults are kids!



... where the impossible is possible



...and the possible is impossible!



...where winners are losers



...and losers are winners!

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE...

"N

Why do you call it the "NOW" Look when it's really just a conglomeration of OLD looks? Those knickers, jeans, knitted berets, Buffalo Bill jackets . . .

. . . Maxi coats and dresses, Midi coats and dresses, Minis, Ponchos . . . they're all from the Looks of YESTERDAY!

So why do you call it the "NOW" Look?

Because we weren't around "Yesterday" . . .

And we're wearing it NOW!



Tell me . . . why do all you boys wear long hair?

TO BE DIFFERENT!

What about you, Richie? Why are you the only boy around who wears short hair . . . ?

To be REALLY different!



I see you got one of those watchamacallit jackets . . . You know . . . the damp look!

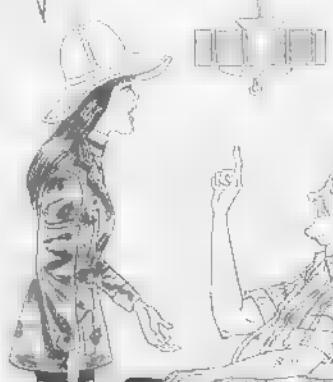
You mean the "WET" Look!

Yeah! Yeah! That's it! The "Wet" Look!

You're talking about that new plastic material that has such a sheen to it that it gives the appearance that water is on it!

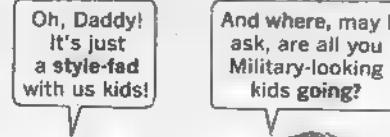
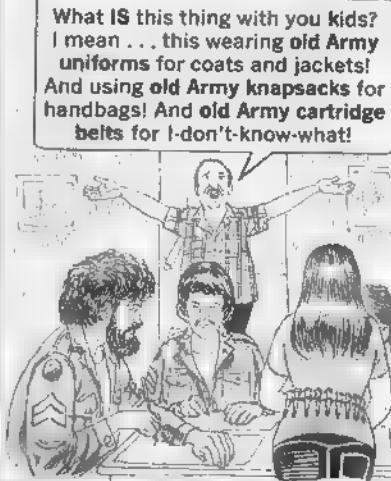
Well, this isn't one of those jackets!

It's RAINING outside!



OWLUK"

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



Wait till you see the new outfit I bought for the formal Saturday night! For once, you won't disapprove!

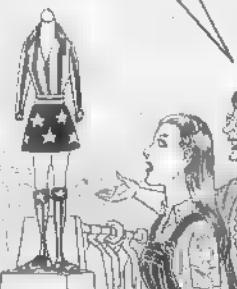
You were against my sexy Minis because you said I looked like I was ready for the bedroom, and you were against my sexy Hot Pants because you said I looked like I was ready for the bedroom . . .

. . . but you can't say that about THIS outfit! It's a Pants Suit!

You STILL look like you're ready for the bedroom! To me—Pants Suits look like PAJAMAS!



If you're looking for a new outfit, here's a lovely one: An American Flag shirt! An American Flag belt! An American Flag purse! American Flag socks! And American Flag shoes!



EVERYBODY's wearing them!

I know everybody's wearing them! The Super-Patriots who are for the war . . . and the Militants who are against it!

See? Like I said, everybody's wearing them! So why not you?

I don't think so!

Why not?

I haven't made up my mind whose side I'm on!



Well, Son? While you were away at school, I let my hair grow long! How do you like it?

I don't! It's awful! Why can't you just be like OTHER fathers?

BALDI!

What are you doing ... sewing name tags? Aren't your kids too old for camp?

Of course they are! Besides—I'm not doing this for THEM! I'm doing it for ME . . .

. . . so I can tell which clothes are "HIS" . . . and which clothes are "HERS"!

My goodness! You're the spittin' image of your Great Grandfather!

Hey, look at that! The same hairdo and everything!

Man, he must've been with it! He must've been real hip! A radical, a rebel, a swinger! He must've been, like, right or!

I don't understand much of the language you young people use today, but this I can tell you about your Great Grandfather . . .

He was a real SQUARE!!

And what style of eyeglass frames would you like?

I'd like those little squared-off wire frames! You know . . . like the kids are wearing!

Oh, you mean the "Granny Glasses"! My Grandmother used to wear frames like that!

I know! So did mine!

I see! And now that YOU'RE a Grandmother, you'd like to wear something befitting your age!

I want to wear something to make me look YOUNGER!!

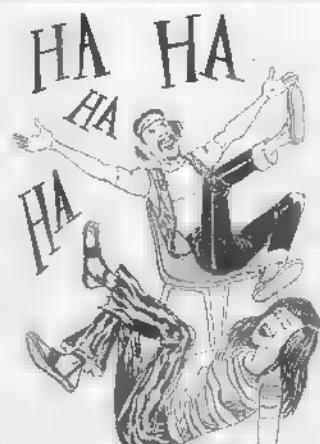
Don't be ridiculous!

OPTOMETRIST



Hey, Sis! Look at this picture in the old family album!

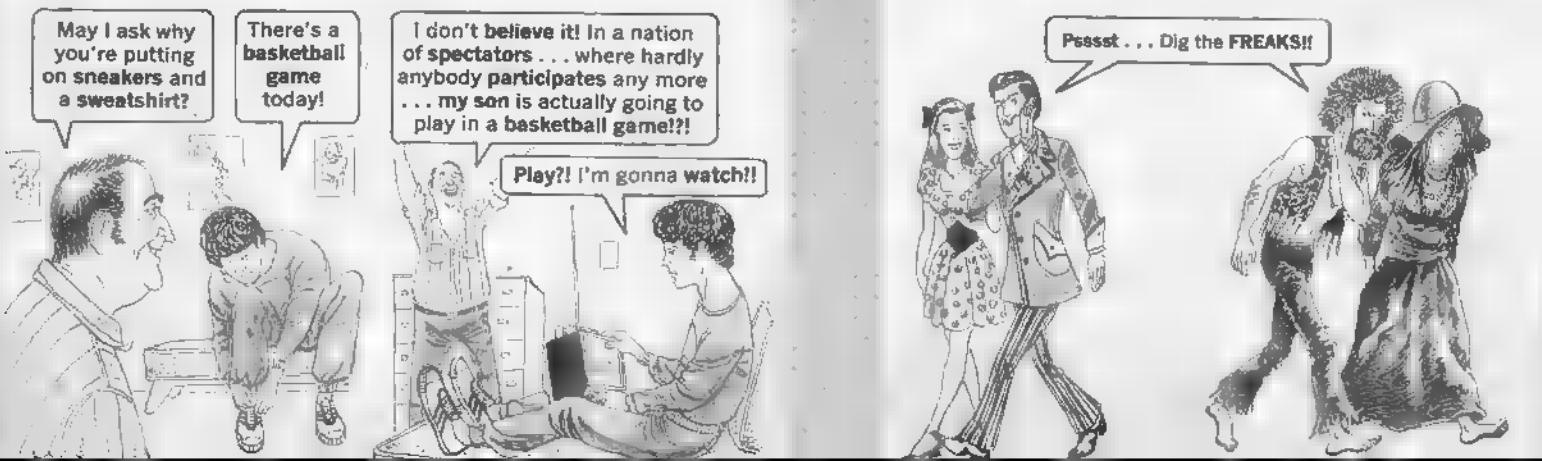
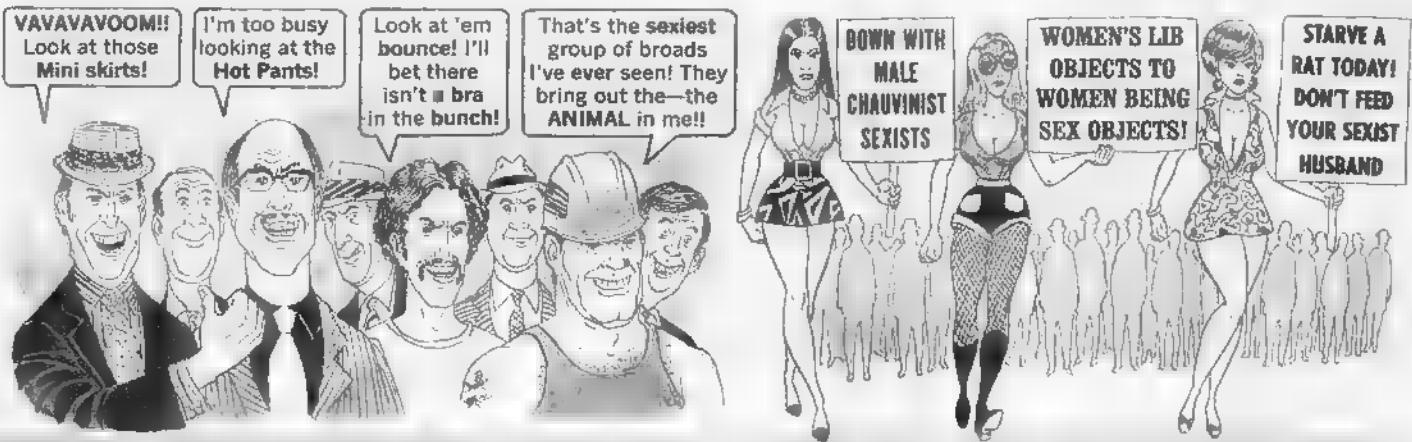
O, my gosh! That—that's absolutely hysterical!



Man, that picture of Daddy sure is funny!!

DADDY?! I thought it was a picture of MOTHER!!





What's taking you so long?

I'm lacing up my boots!

Lacing?! But that goes back to the 1920's!

It happens to be part of the "Now" Look!

That's . . . that's ridiculous!! Why didn't you get a pair of boots with Zippers? They take no time at all to put on!

ZIPPERS ARE OLD-FASHIONED!!

Zippers?! Are you crazy??

Hey, Man! Like, you gotta get with it!
You gotta stop being a capitalistic money grubbing materialistic square!

Look, you do your thing and I'll do mine, okay? I like material things! And speaking of "things"—how much did that Buffalo Bill jacket cost?

Gee, I dunno! Money isn't important to me! Around \$100 I guess!

. . . And how much did that Guitar of yours cost?

Oh, \$200 maybe! But forget about that! How about coming over to my way of thinking?

No, thanks! I'll stick to being materialistic!
It's CHEAPER!!



Hey, Pop!
Can I have some Sandpaper?

Sandpaper?! Whatever for?

I'm gonna FIX something!

. . . I can't believe it! YOU'RE going to do something constructive around here!

Tell me, what are you going to fix?

I'm gonna take this brand new pair of nothing slacks . . .

. . . and I'm gonna FIX them into looking like beat-up, worn, torn, smart-looking up-to-date "Now" look slacks!



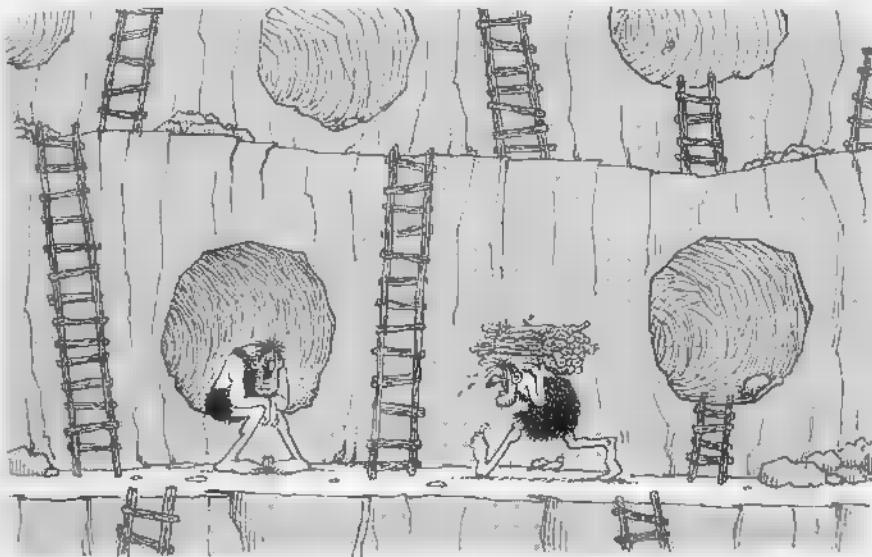
Just what IS the "Now" Look?

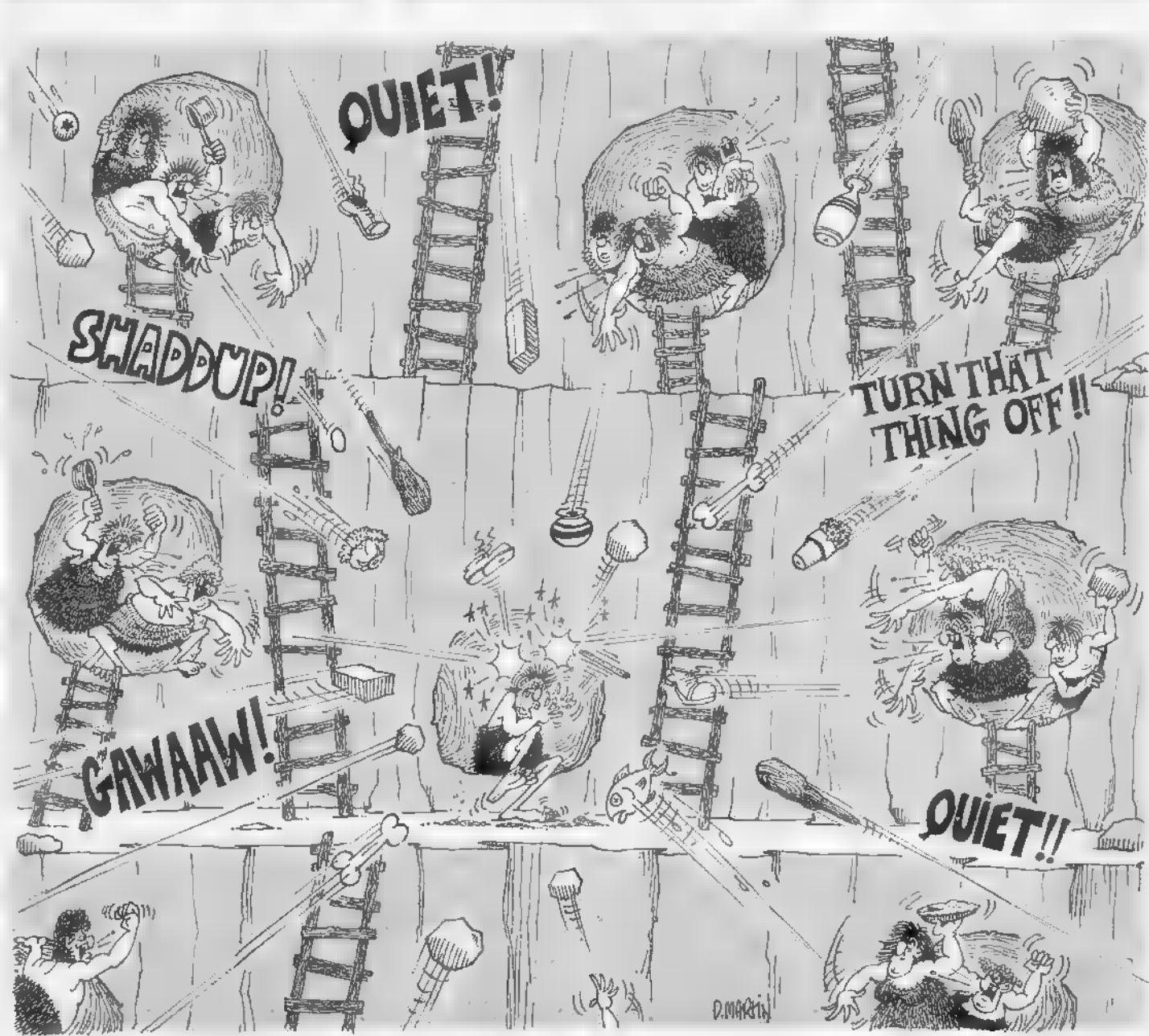
Well, it's many things! It's "Mod" clothes . . . and "Hippie" clothes . . . and "Antique" clothes . . .

. . . and "Mini" clothes . . . and "Maxi" clothes . . . and "Midi" clothes . . . and "Afro" clothes . . .



THE VERY FIRST MUSICAL INSTRUMENT





ECCHOLOGY DEPT.

In this uncensored world, where anything goes (including the censor), people can read lots of dirty words in books and magazines. Or hear even worse in the movies. And so, in line with this "let-it-all-hang-out" trend, MAD hereby presents the dirtiest word in the English language. Ready?

pollution

Yep, that's it. Not only is it the dirtiest word in the English language, but the deadliest! Ask any tuna fish lover. For months now, the nation's pundits have been permeating the press with their plaintive prattlings about pollution. Well, it's still a lot of garbage to us. So we've wrapped it all up in this 100% smog free, non-disposable . . .



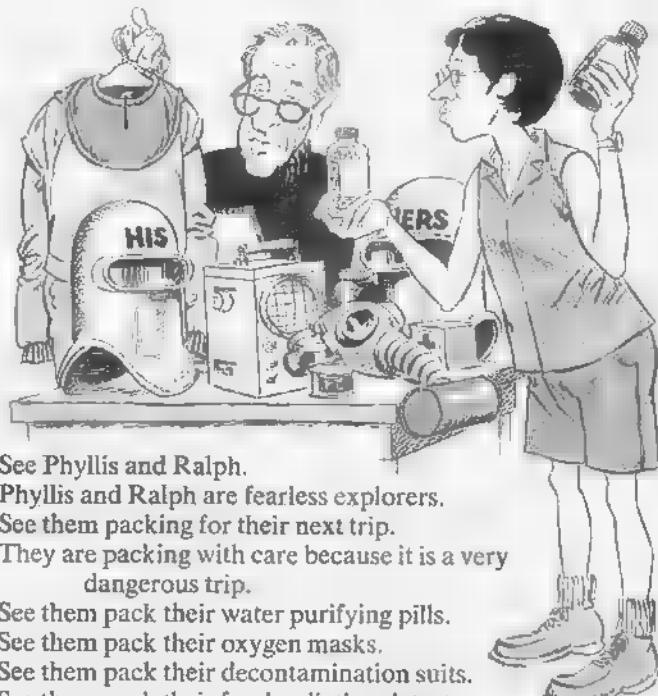
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: SY REIT

Chapter 1.



See wretched Lester.
See how sick and shaky he looks.
Wretched Lester is trying to kick a nasty habit.
He is trying to quit something that is ruining his health.
And giving him terrible coughing spells.
And gradually turning his lungs black.
Lester knows that if he doesn't quit soon, he may die.
But he is having a rough time.
By comparison, giving up high-cholesterol foods was easy.
And giving up drinking was easy.
And giving up smoking was easy.
But how many people can successfully give up *breathing*?

Chapter 2.



See Phyllis and Ralph.
Phyllis and Ralph are fearless explorers.
See them packing for their next trip.
They are packing with care because it is a very
dangerous trip.
See them pack their water purifying pills.
See them pack their oxygen masks.
See them pack their decontamination suits.
See them pack their food radiation detectors.
Pack everything you'll need, Phyllis and Ralph!
Everything, everything, everything.
You can't be too careful when you're planning a vacation
in a big, modern American city!

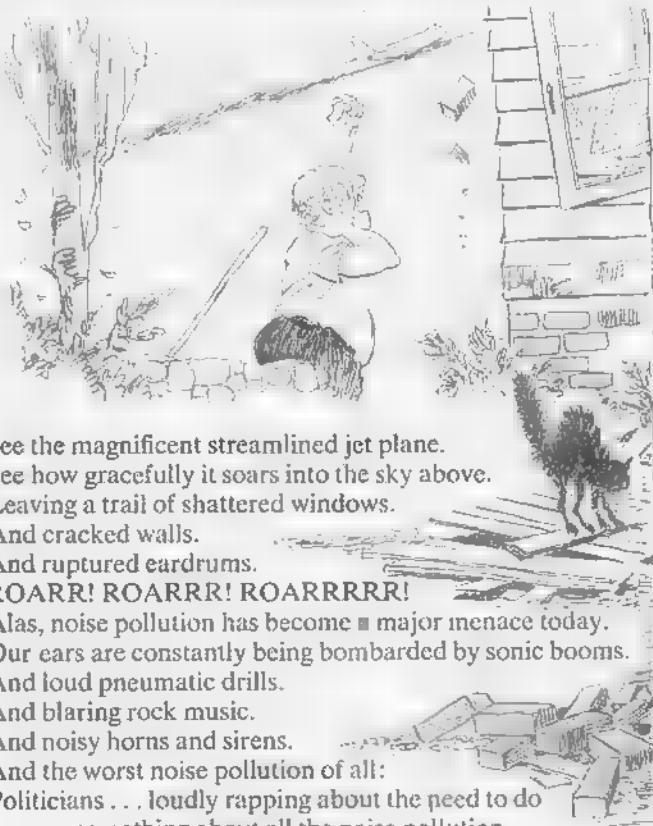
Chapter 3.



See the modern housewife.
See her shopping at her local supermarket.
Is that a shopping list in her hand?
No, it is the latest Analysis Report
From the U.S. Government Testing Laboratories.
She is using it to check out her purchases.
She has to watch for mercury in the tuna
And strontium-90 in the milk.
And plutonium in the butter.
And cyclamates in the soft drinks.
And thorium in the halvah.
And DDT in the gefilte fish.
Yes, to be a modern housewife today, it really takes a lot.
It really takes a lot of courses in Advanced Chemistry.

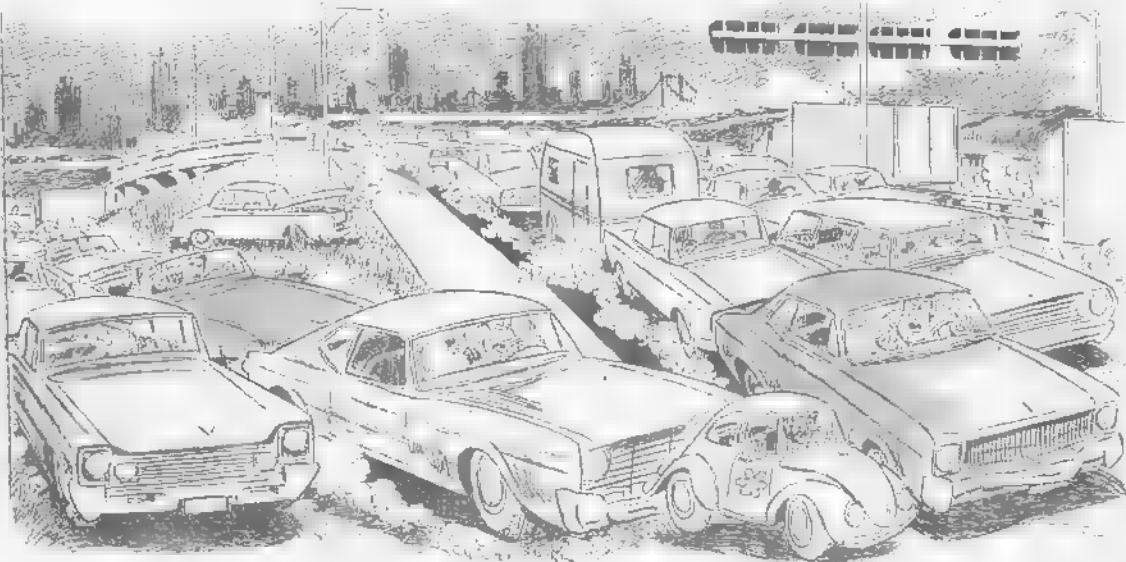


Chapter 4.



See the magnificent streamlined jet plane.
See how gracefully it soars into the sky above.
Leaving a trail of shattered windows.
And cracked walls.
And ruptured eardrums.
ROARR! ROARRR! ROARRRR!
Alas, noise pollution has become a major menace today.
Our ears are constantly being bombarded by sonic booms.
And loud pneumatic drills.
And blaring rock music.
And noisy horns and sirens.
And the worst noise pollution of all:
Politicians . . . loudly rapping about the need to do
something about all the noise pollution.

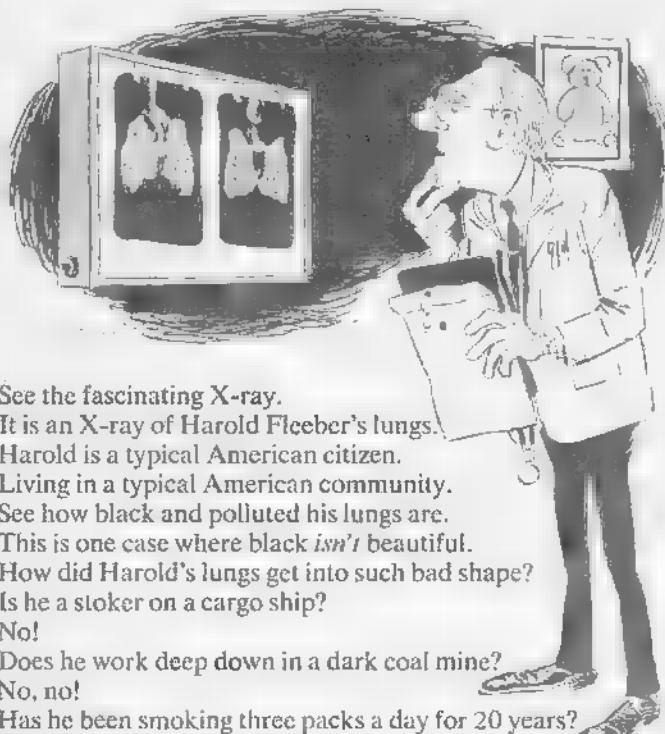
Chapter 7.



See all the shiny new automobiles.
See them jammed, bumper-to-bumper, on the Freeway.
Hear their horns blaring.
Honk! Honk! Honk!
Hear their drivers cursing.
&%\$#@! &%\$#@! &%\$#@!
See their exhaust pipes emitting.
Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Why are all the drivers in their shiny new automobiles
trying to get out of town?
To escape the horrible carbon-monoxide smog of the city
caused by so many shiny new automobiles.
Are any of them willing to give up their shiny new little
carbon-monoxide makers?
Don't be ridiculous!
Pollution is always the other guy's fault!

Chapter 5.



See the fascinating X-ray.

It is an X-ray of Harold Fleeber's lungs.

Harold is a typical American citizen.

Living in a typical American community.

See how black and polluted his lungs are.

This is one case where black isn't beautiful.

How did Harold's lungs get into such bad shape?

Is he a stoker on a cargo ship?

No!

Does he work deep down in a dark coal mine?

No, no!

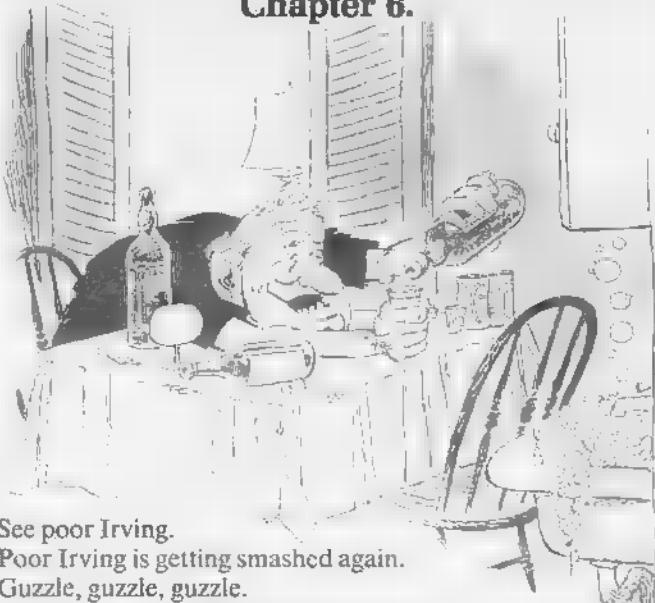
Has he been smoking three packs a day for 20 years?

No, no, no!

To tell the truth, Harold hasn't really done much of anything.

How much can an eight-month-old baby do?

Chapter 6.



See poor Irving.

Poor Irving is getting smashed again.

Guzzle, Guzzle, Guzzle.

Poor Irving is fast becoming an alcoholic.

But it isn't really Irving's fault.

When Irving is thirsty, all he wants is a nice glass of water.

But whenever he turns on the tap, what does he get?

A glass full of soap suds.

Yes, poor Irving's water supply is loaded with detergents.

So he is forced to guzzle booze instead.

Barf, barf, barf.

Looks like there's more than one way to get polluted!

Chapter 8.



See the Committee of Distinguished Citizens.

These Distinguished Citizens feel that there is much too
much fuss and bother about pollution.

Fuss, fuss, fuss.

Bother, bother, bother.

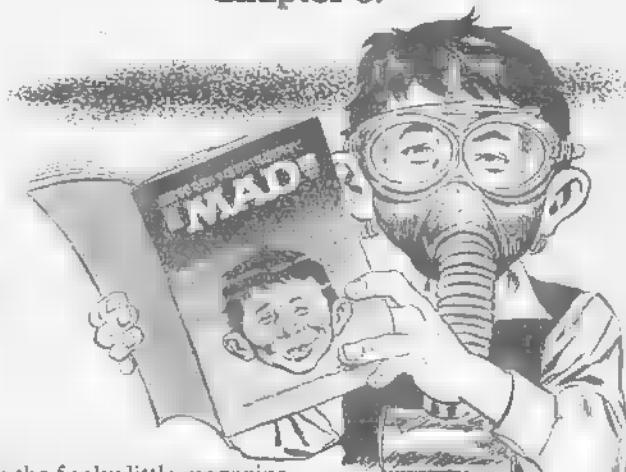
They feel that people are needlessly panicky.

They feel that everyone should calm down.

They do NOT feel that the problem is as bad or as serious
as everyone says it is.

Who are these fine, upstanding, calm Distinguished Citizens?
Harry, there, is an oil company tycoon . . . and Milton owns a
paper mill . . . and Robert is a jet fuel manufacturer . . .
and Winthrop is an electric utility executive . . . and
Herman is the director of a chain of funeral parlors.

Chapter 9.



See the funky little magazine.

It is a brave and fearless publication.

To this funky little magazine, nothing is sacred.

Nothing, nothing, nothing.

It will take on Madison Avenue.

It will take on Hollywood.

It will take on Big Business, and Congress, and the Pentagon.

It will take on the problem of pollution.

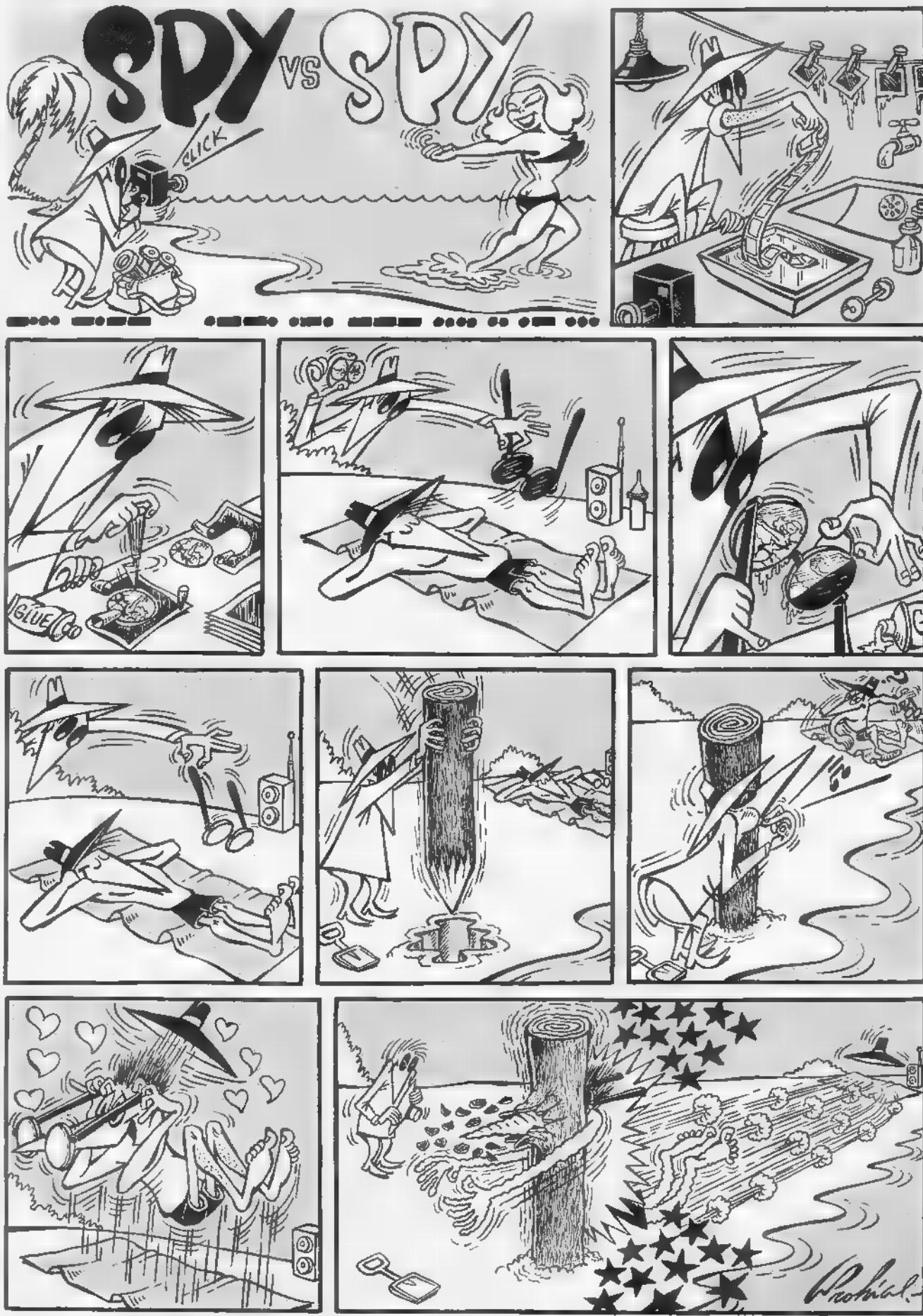
And zap those who are responsible.

Speaking of pollution, you are now holding 48 pages

Of the worst kind imaginable.

Right in your hot little hands:

Mind pollution!





Despite all the demonstrations of dissent around the country, President Nixon claims he has the backing of the great "Silent Majority" . . . or, as he puts it, "The Forgotten Middle Americans." Since these middle Americans are so silent and forgotten, nobody seems to know much about them. So as a public service—

MAD INTERVIEWS A TYPICAL "MIDDLE AMERICAN" FAMILY

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Good afternoon,
Mr. and Mrs.
Standpatter! I'm
Dick Cravat from
MAD Magazine
in New York, and
we'd like to get—

Say, it must be
a real pleasure
for a New Yorker
to breathe our
clean, fresh
country air!

Cough—cough!
It certainly is!
We'd like to get
your views on the
problems facing
our nation today!

Well, it's about time we
forgotten Americans had a
chance to be heard! We're
pretty tired of reading
about traitors and rioters
and people on Welfare!

You won't find
anybody on
Welfare here
in Midville!
We got too
much pride!

Uh—this
is a nice
farm you
have! What
crops do
you grow?

Why, none!
The U.S.
Government
pays us a
fortune
not to grow
ANYTHING!



That's the
LEAST we
can do for
our country!

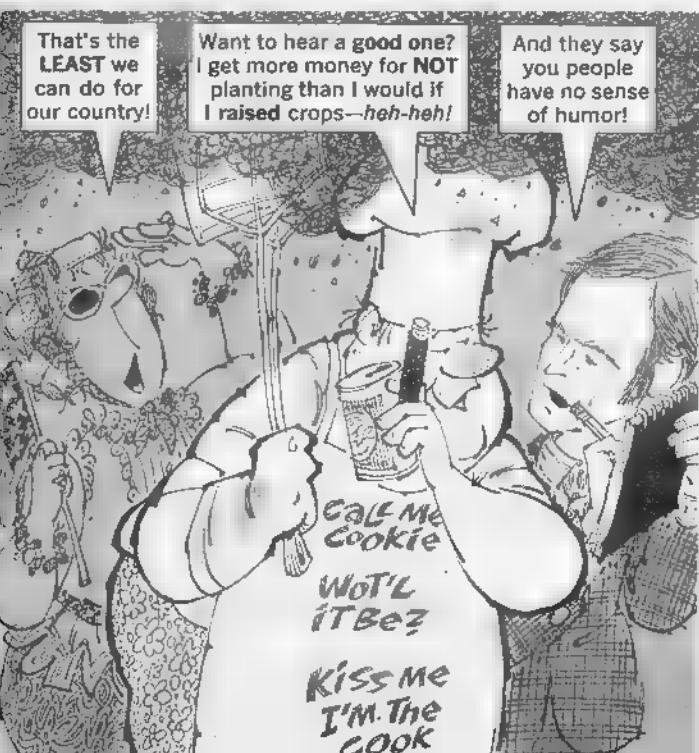
Want to hear a good one?
I get more money for NOT
planting than I would if
I raised crops—heh-heh!

And they say
you people
have no sense
of humor!

Do you
favor a
gradual
withdrawal
from
Vietnam?

No, we favor
an IMMEDIATE
withdrawal . . .
just as soon
as we win
the war!

If those pinko bleeding-heart
liberals would only bug off,
we could bomb those gooks into
submission in three weeks! Oh,
look, dear—our gardenia has a
new bud! Isn't life a joy . . . !



How should
the U.S.
Government
handle the
Draft
Protesters?

They
ought to
ship that
whole
zoo over
to Roosia!

I can't abide a man who isn't willing to
fight for his country! I'm a W.W. II vet
—and when the Draft Board called me in
'42, I didn't protest or picket! I applied
for a deferment, and when they rejected my
appeal, I went into the Army . . . gladly!

Spending the
whole war at
Fort Dix was
no bed of
roses, I want
to tell you!

Verne was
awarded
"The Good
Conduct
Medal"

Please,
Martha—
I just
did
my
duty!



You probably
think it's
corny, but I
always say,
"My country—
right or wrong!"

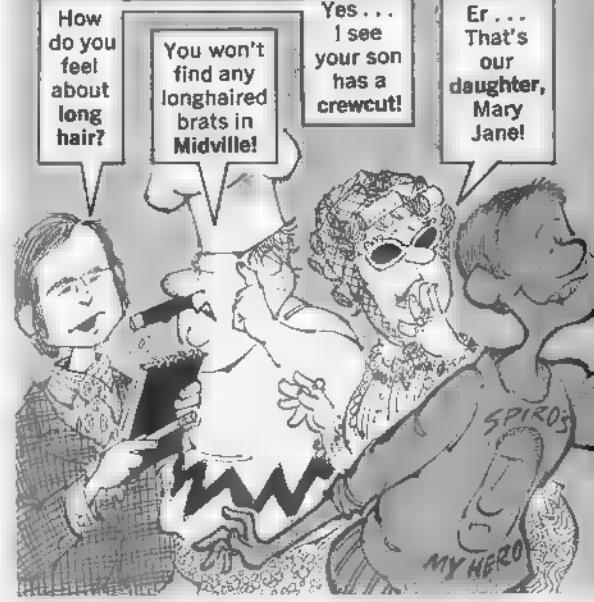
The correct quotation is,
"Our country, in her
intercourse with foreign
nations, may she always
be right . . . but our
country, right or wrong!"

Watch your language, there
Cravat! That kind of talk
may be all right in mixed
company back in the big
evil city, but not here in
the heartland of America!

How
do you
feel
about
long
hair?

You won't
find any
longhaired
brats in
Midville!

Yes . . .
I see
your son
has a
crewcut!



Our
Mary
Jane
goes
to
college!

Really? And
what is she
studying?
—OUCH!—

What every
decent
American
girl studies!
"Baton
Twirling"!

KLONK
Hope you're
not hurt! It
gets pretty
dangerous
around here
when she does
her homework!

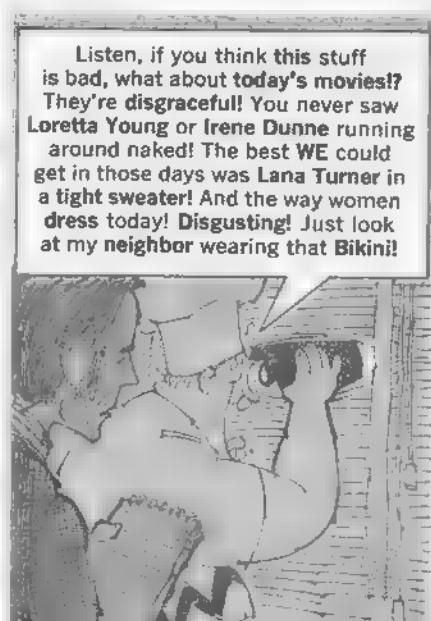
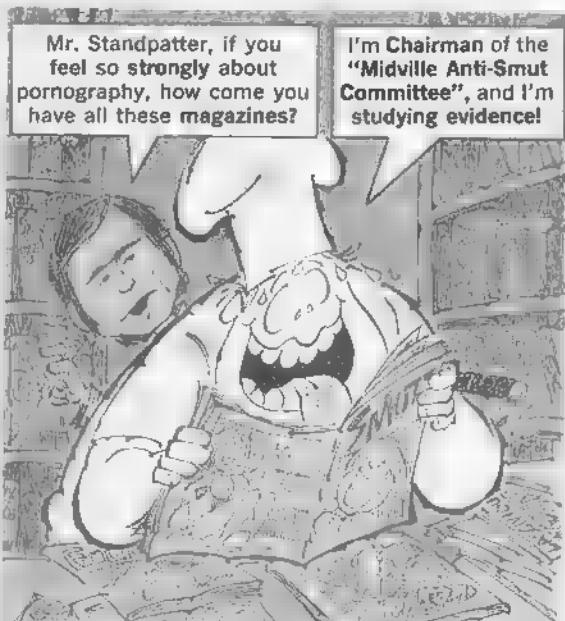
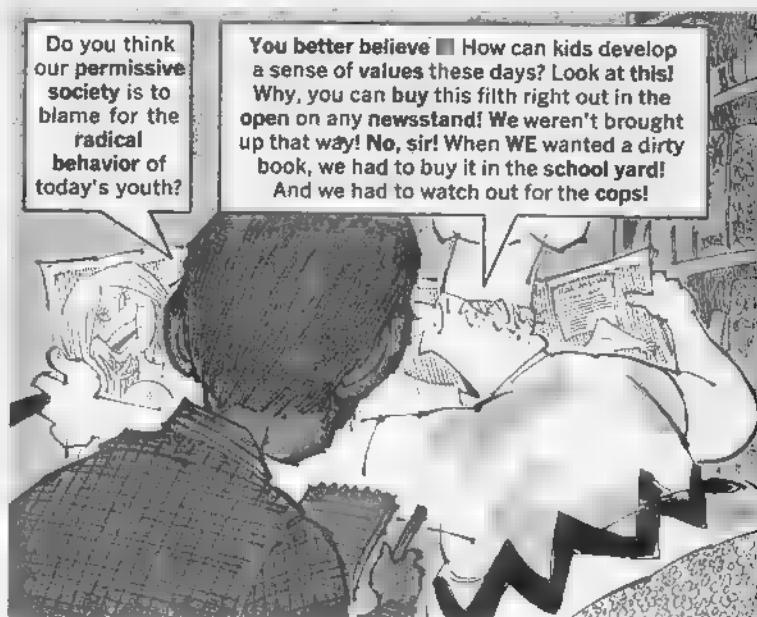
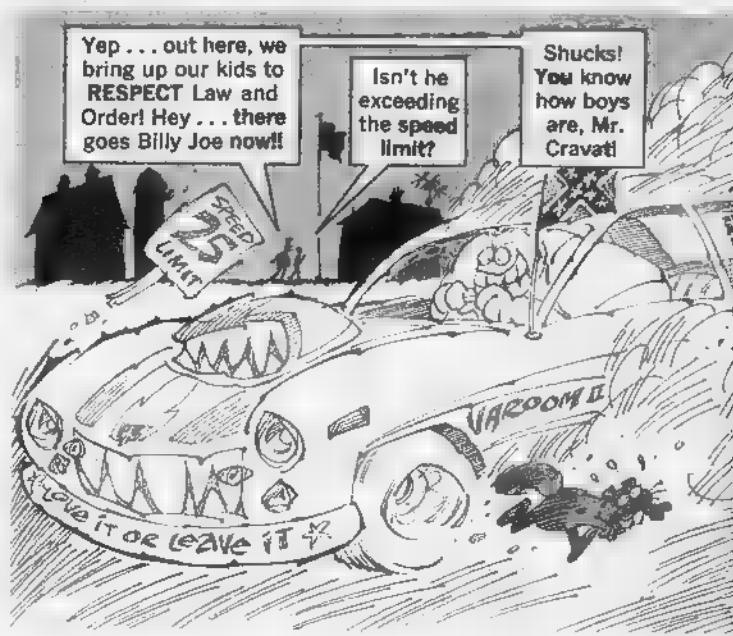
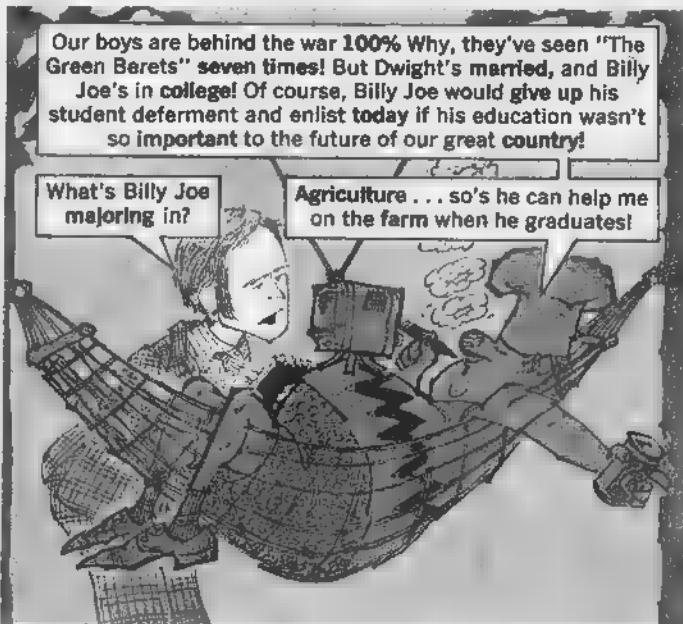
That's
okay!
Do
you
have
any
sons?

We have two! Dwight D. and
Billy Joe! We're mighty proud
of them, too! Dwight had his
name published in "Reader's
Digest" once, and Billy Joe
received a personal letter
from President Nixon!

For bravery
in battle?
—OOOF!—

No, for
scoring
a winning
touchdown!





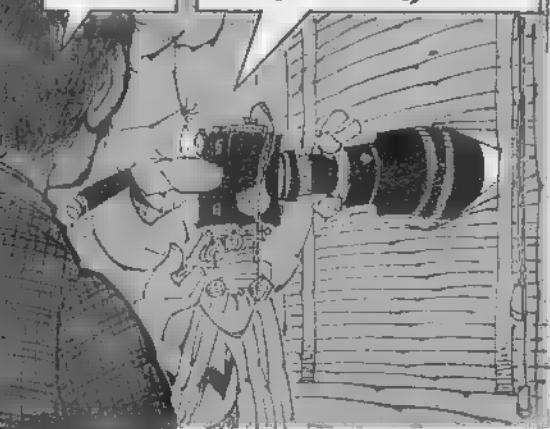
How do you feel about Sex Education in our schools?

It's a Commie plot to undermine the morals of our children! We never had any of that Sex Education stuff when WE went to school, and there's nothing wrong with OUR generation!

Lister, I'm just a simple, God-fearing football fan, Mr. Cravat! But if you ask me, I feel that the Supreme Court is responsible for all this Immorality! They ought to impeach the lot of 'em for banning prayers in our schools!

But, if a person really wants to pray can't he go to Church?

Sure! But folks can't get to Church as often as they'd like these days! You have to get out on the Golf Course pretty early on Sunday mornings to beat the crowds!



So . . . with all that outside pressure, we figure the only thing we parents can do to fight it is to set a good example for our kids!

Yep! Want to buy some fresh eggs? No checks or credit cards, though! Cash only! That way I don't have to declare it on my Income Tax!

Er—I see you raise chickens!

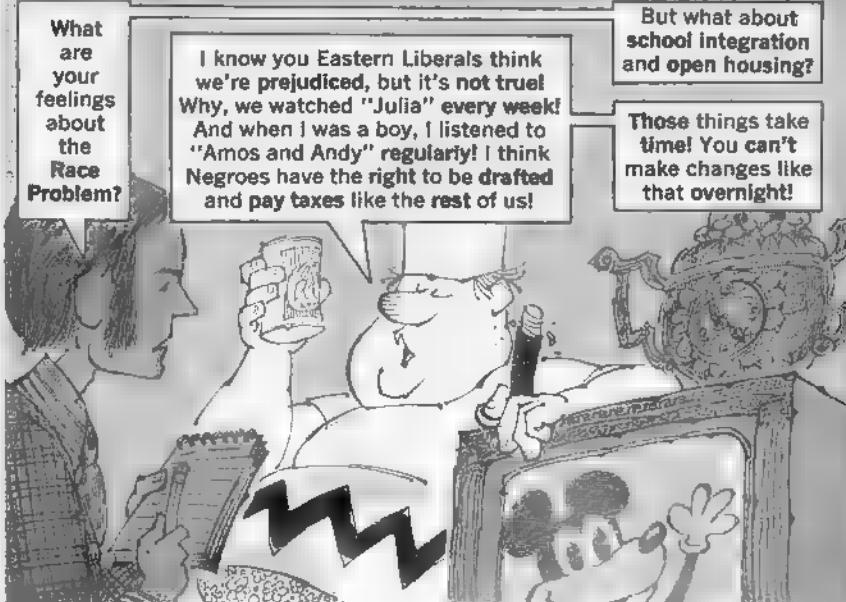


What are your feelings about the Race Problem?

I know you Eastern Liberals think we're prejudiced, but it's not true! Why, we watched "Julia" every week! And when I was a boy, I listened to "Amos and Andy" regularly! I think Negroes have the right to be drafted and pay taxes like the rest of us!

But what about school integration and open housing?

Those things take time! You can't make changes like that overnight!



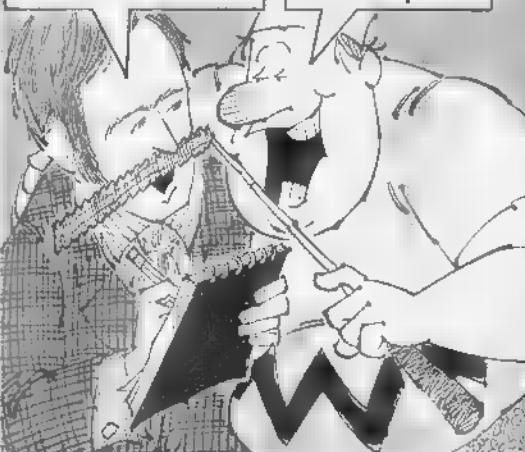
How do you feel about the Black Panthers? Are they a serious threat to our country?

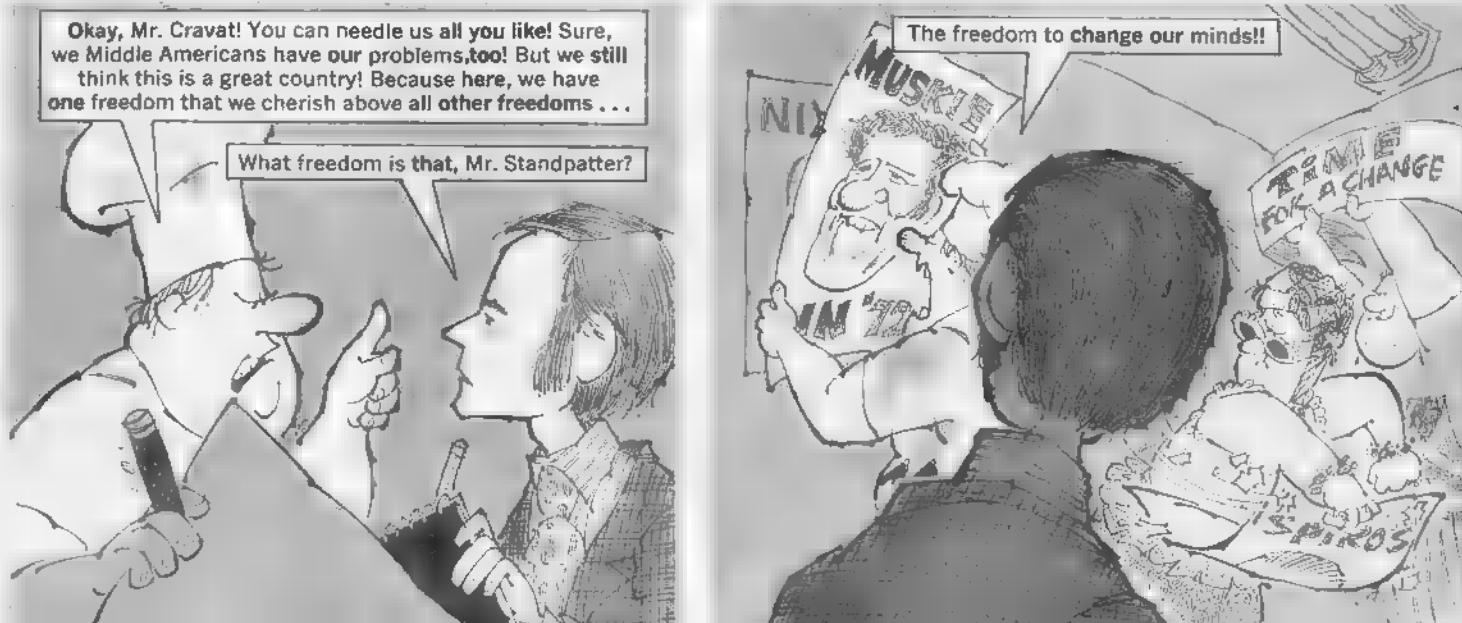
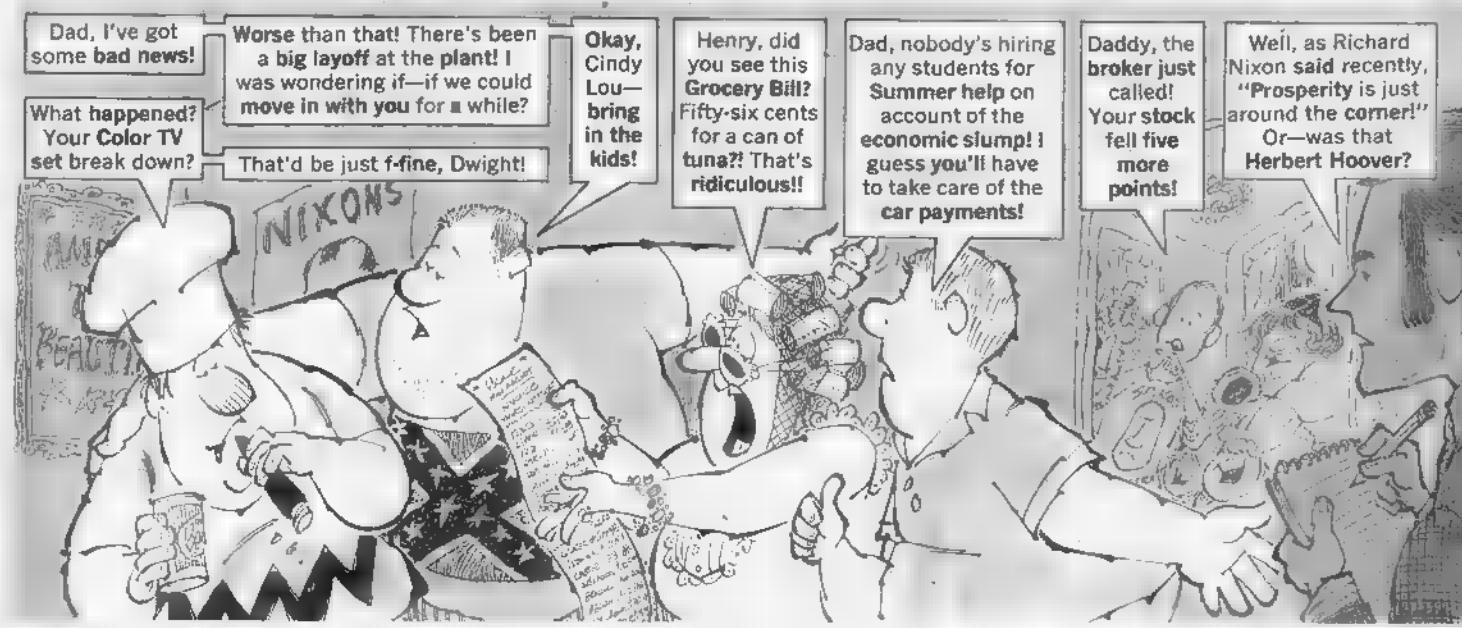
Yes! But don't worry! Attorney-General Mitchell and J. Edgar Hoover know how to deal with those kind of people!



What about the Klan and other right-wing extremist groups? Should the Government crack down on them?

I don't agree with what they stand for . . . but they have a right to their own opinions!





A HITCH IN TIME DEPT.

From fortresses, castles, dungeons, bunkers, rummage shops and ruins of ancient draft boards around

RECRUITING POSTER

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

ARSONISTS LOOTERS
RAPISTS



I WANT YOU
TO JOIN MY
SHAGGY HORDE
AND HELP
TERRORIZE THE WORLD

GO WITH
A
WINNER



Enlist In The
**Spanish
Armada**



the world, MAD's Military Expert (now living in Canada) has unearthed this unique collection of...

S THROUGH HISTORY

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

**Make New Friends!
GO WEST**



**With General Custer's
7th CAVALRY**

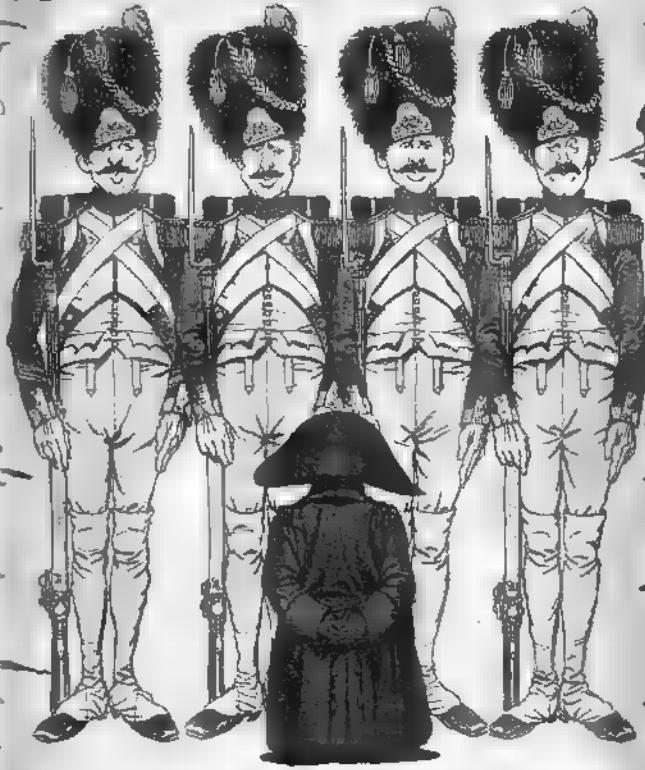
**Re-Enlist
and Re-Enlist
and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist
and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist
and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist
and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist**



**In The
100 Years'
War**



STAND TALL

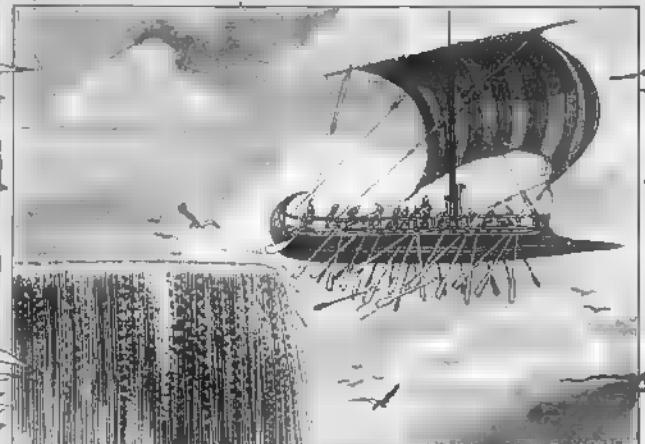


IN

BONAPARTE'S GUARD

JOIN THE

PHOENICIAN NAVY



...and see the
edge of the world

Join The Conquest!

GO NORMAN

and Learn a Specialty:



Catapult Operator



Pitchbucket Pourer



Rampart Stormer



Battering Ram Rammer

BE PATRIOTIC! JOIN THE REDCOATS!



MAINTAIN LAW & ORDER
IN THE COLONIES

INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.

Editor's Note: Since our "Introduction" writer was just kidnapped, and since he is being held for 9¢ ransom, and since we refuse to pay that ransom . . . there will be no introduction to . . .



A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT A RESORT HOTEL

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



The bed in room 389 is in terrible shape! The two left legs are shorter than the two right legs, and you can't lie in it without tipping from side to side! We got trouble!

Wrong! We got a VIBRATING BED! Put a quarter coin box on it and we'll clean up!

Okay, everybody got it straight! Barney carries the guy's bag into the lobby! Steve carries it to the elevator! Gus carries it down the hall! And I carry it into the room!

No—don't stretch a good thing too far! Four tips on one bag is enough!

And then, I carry it to the bed!

The guests are complaining about our pool! It's small, it's only two feet deep, and the water is like lukewarm soup! Shall we admit it's a wading pool and refund their money for misrepresentation?

Of course not! Tell 'em we're a "Spa"—that's our therapeutic pool—and charge 'em extra to go in!

You advertise this hotel as the finest resort on the coast, with all rooms facing the ocean! Well, MY room doesn't face the ocean!!

We didn't say WHICH ocean!

Why must all tennis players wear white?

Because it's a tennis tradition . . . because white is a neat clean color and tennis is a neat clean game . . . and mainly, because how ELSE could I make a killing in my tennis supply shop selling shirts, shorts, skirts and sneakers???

Our Championship Tennis Court is in terrible shape! I counted about 18 holes in it!

Okay, take down the net! We now have a Championship Golf Course!

Oops! Sorry to bust in on you folks like this! I'll come back at a better time!

She ought to be ashamed of herself! She knows the only time we bust in on guests is when they're either naked—or in the bathroom!

Ha-ha-ha!
Hee-hee!
Hoo-hah!
Oh, stop!
You're killing me!

What's he writing?
A sketch for the show?

No, a laundry price list for the hotel!!

How about "Socks—\$1 a pair—hankies—75c each—?"

Please! Stop! I can't stand it anymore!

The dining room staff just locked all the guests in, submitted a list of grievances to the chef, and set fire to the pantry!

If I told 'em once, I told 'em a thousand times—Don't hire college kids as waiters!

The air conditioning broke down in Room 227! It's sweltering in there! Shall I call a repair man?

No, I have a better idea! Throw a couple of bricks in a corner, and we'll advertise a free sauna bath!

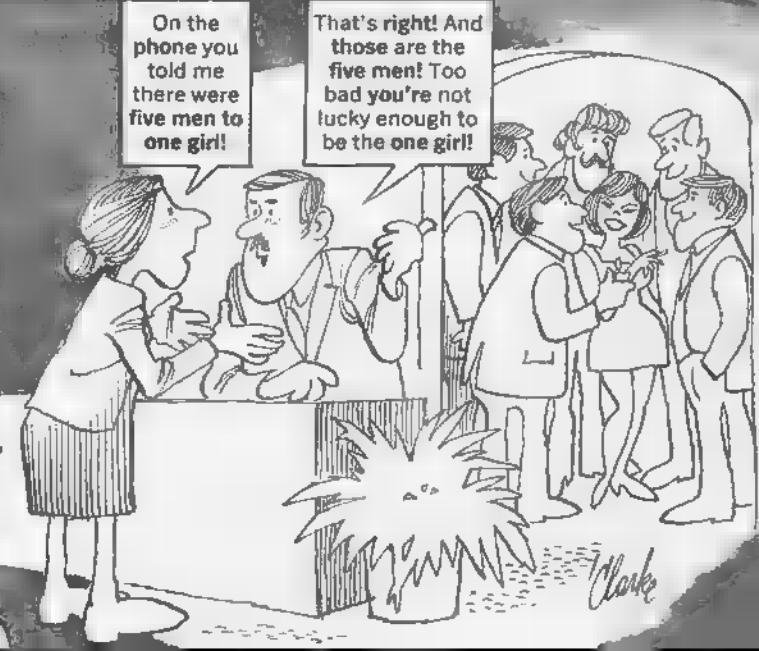
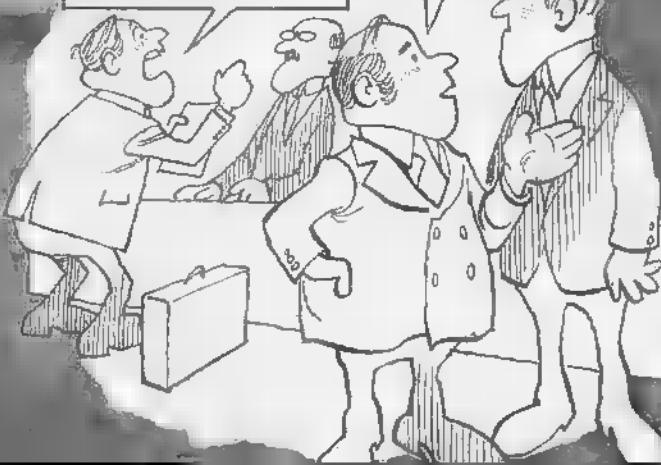


We pride ourselves in our efficient Hotel Security Force! There hasn't been a robbery here in years!

Except when our guests check out and see their BILL!!

On the phone you told me there were five men to one girl!

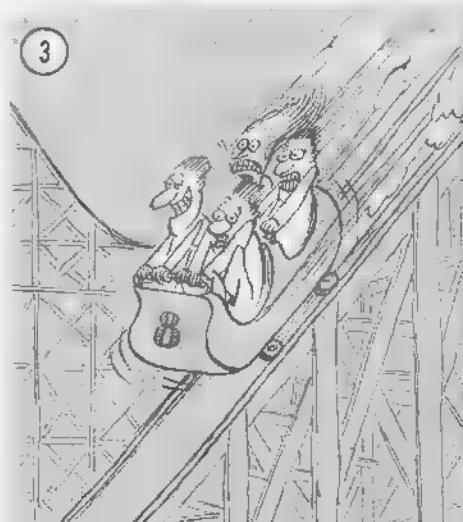
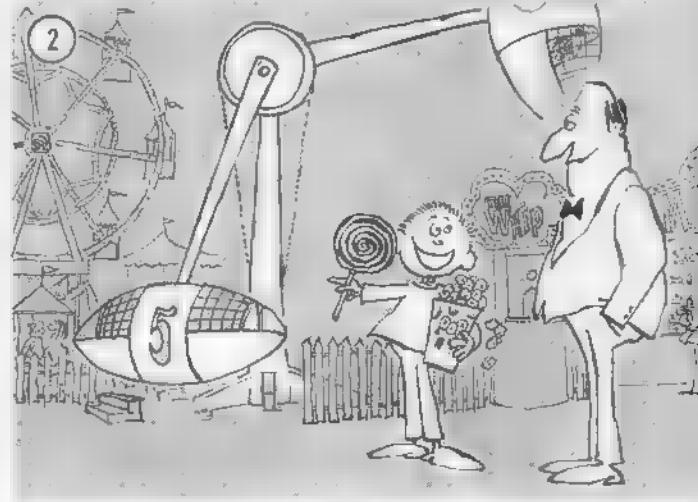
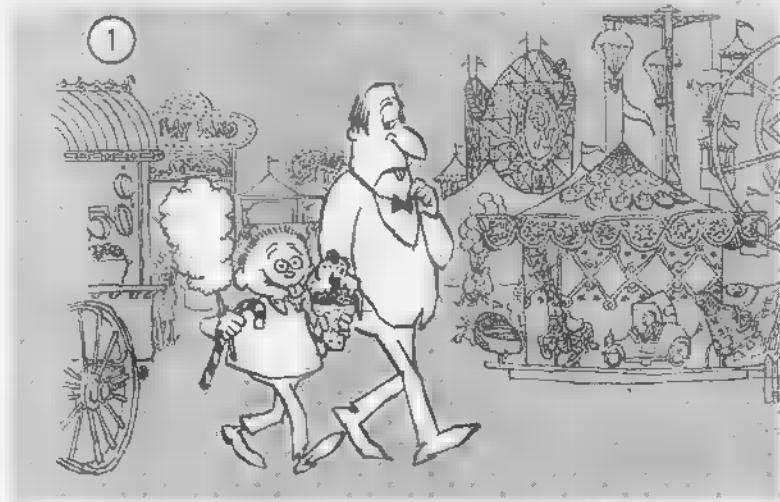
That's right! And those are the five men! Too bad you're not lucky enough to be the one girl!



Clark

UP-CHUCKLES DEPT.

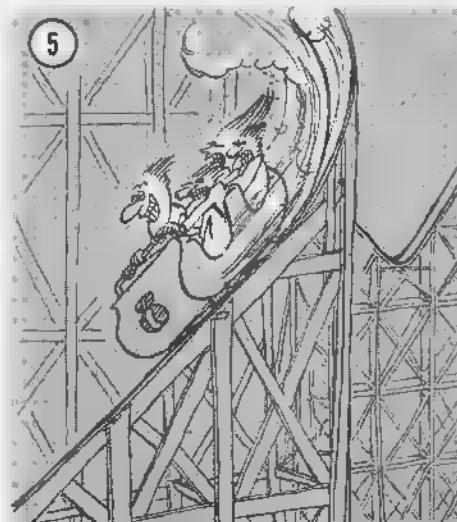
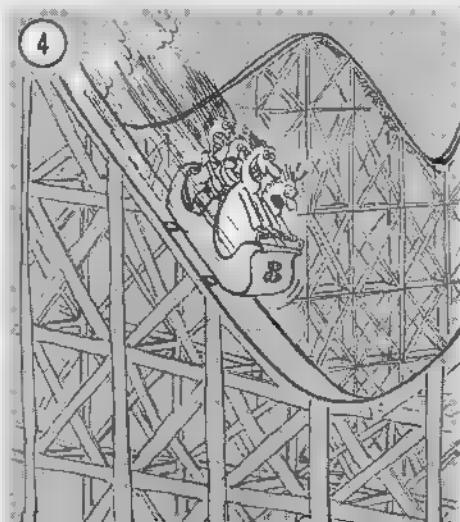
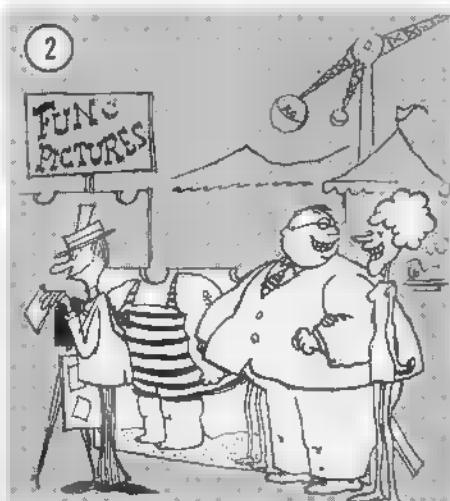
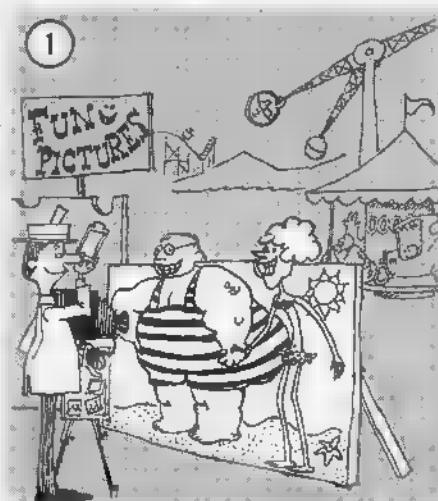
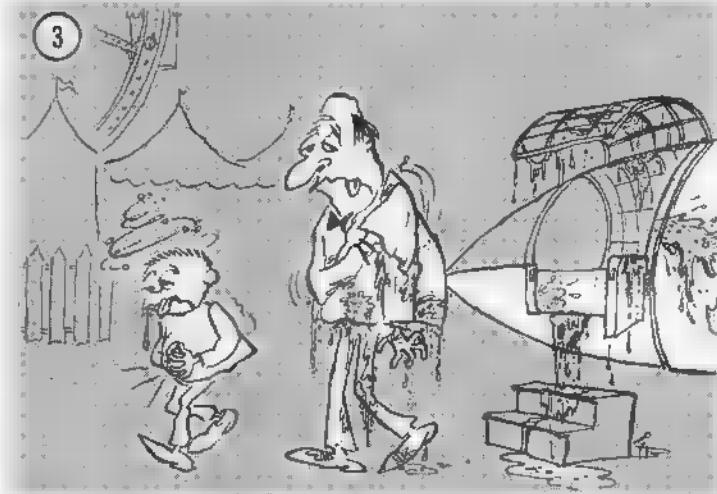
A MAD LOOK AT AMUSEM



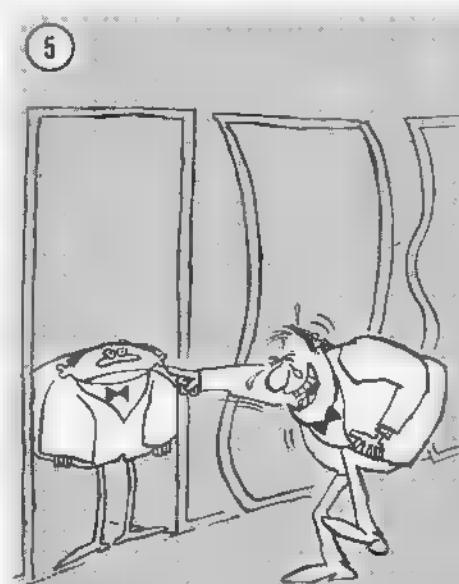
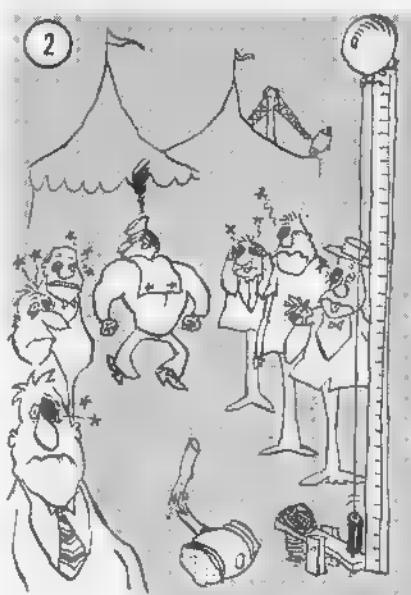
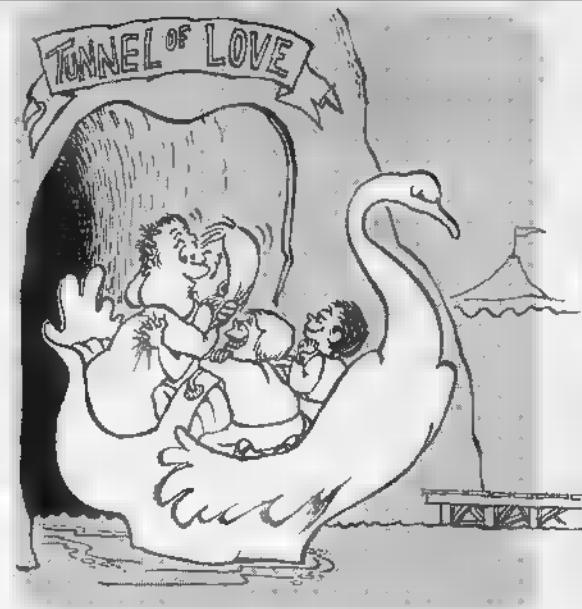
ENT PARKS



ARTIST & WRITER: SEBASTIÃO AGONÉS







ONE FINE DAY A MILLION YEARS AGO



OPENED SESAME DEPT.

No one can fault the success of teaching children basic things in entertaining ways, and the television series "Sesame Street" does it better than most. Unfortunately, it helps little Johnny to read—but not between the lines! What we need is a television show that will prepare our youth for what really lies ahead, a program like

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

MAD's

REALITY STREET

Crummy day . . .
Smoggy sky's charcoal gray!
On my way past where
the bullies meet . . .
Is there a way to avoid,
To avoid Reality Street?

What a life . . .
Everywhere's doom and strife!
Hostile neighbors shout,
They're down and out!
Is there a way to escape,
To escape Reality Street?

It's a street of depression,
Corruption, oppression!
It's a sadist's dream
come true!
And masochists too!
People who like a . . .

Crummy day!
Smoggy sky's charcoal gray!
We're on the avenue
of defeat . . .
Is there a way to evade,
To evade Reality Street?



Hi, cats! My name is Gorgon, and this portion of Reality Street is brought to you by the letter P . . .

Now, the letter P stands for:
Please
Pardon
Polite . . .
Words that are all just about Passé!



Pusher



Puff



Psychedelic



Physician



Peaceful



Poacher



Prolific

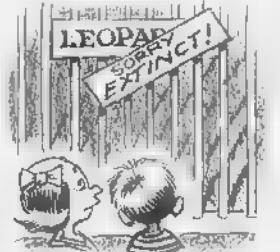


Population

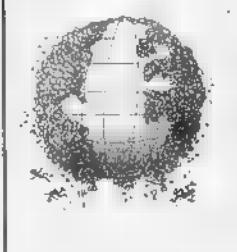
Now that last one, Pill, can be replaced by Pope if there's any objection! But before we go over to Curt and Ornery, let's take a Pregnant Pause . . .



Pelts



Pity



Peril



Pill



Hey, Ornery, you said you would teach me how to tell time today!

And not that "big hand on the 12, little hand on the 7" stuff, either!

Okay! We'll start with some easy ones! What time does a 9:00 o'clock plane leave the airport?

That's simple!
9:00 o'clock!

You're simple! A 9:00 o'clock plane will leave at 11:00, if you're lucky!

What time does a train scheduled to arrive at 9:00 actually arrive?

11:00 o'clock?

A.M. or P.M.?

Gee, this is tougher than I thought!



Don't worry, you'll catch on. Now let's take another true-to-life situation! You are invited to a party. The card says 8:30 P.M. What time do you make your entrance, Curt?

Not 8:30?

No, 8:30 is the time you start to get dressed! You should arrive no earlier than 9:30!!

But suppose they really wanted me there at 8:30?!

Then, silly, they would have asked you to come at 7:30!

I think I'd better go back to the big hand and the little hand bit, Ornery . . .

Okay, we'll come back to it later . . .

When's later?

That's your next lesson! In reality, "later" can mean weeks, months, or even years from now, but more often than not, the word later means never!

Wouldn't it be more honest just to come out and say "never"?

Honest, yes, but smart no! On Reality Street you have to keep one step ahead of the next guy, and the way to do it is by sincere insincerity!

Can you lend me 10 bucks?

Sure! When'll you pay me back?

You're learning, Curt, you're learning!

Later!

Oh, hi, cake monster! How about a piece of delicious cake I just bought in the store?

Ugh . . . tummy ache . . . pain . . . bad news . . . ugh . . . no more cake!

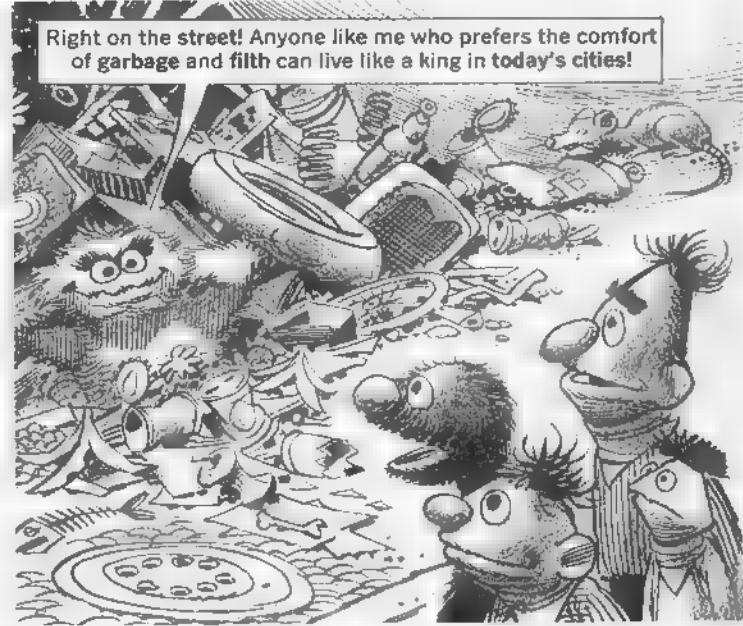
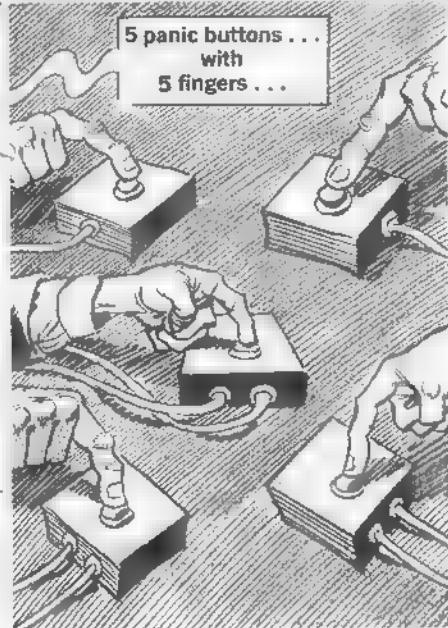
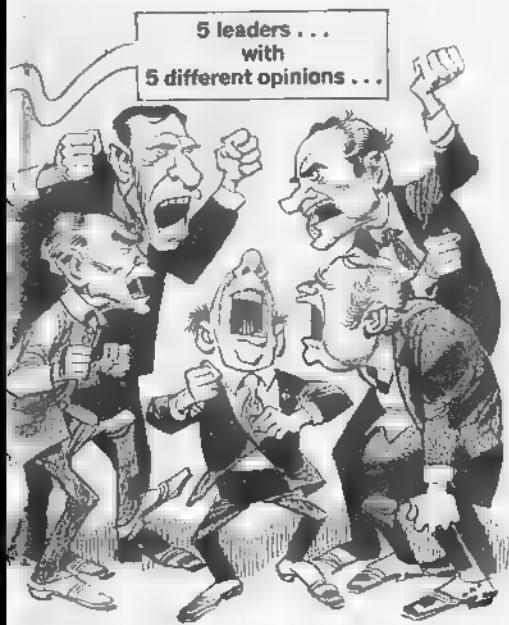
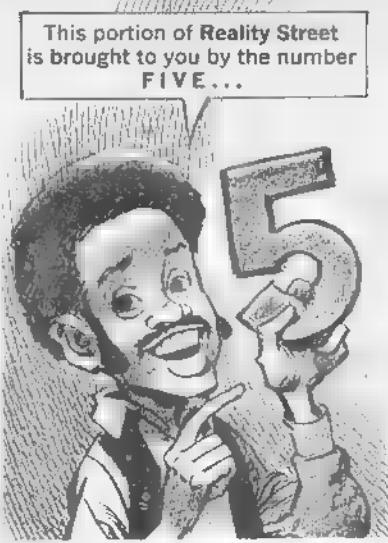
Tummy ache?
From cake?
With all those healthy ingredients?

Just . . . ugh!
read label . . . pain . . .

Contains emulsifiers,
reconstituted dry milk,
imitation color, sodium benzoate, glycerine . . .

Ugh . . . suffering . . . pain . . .

. . . sodium propionate,
monosodium glutamate,
potassium sorbate . . .
lecithin and vanillin . . .



Hi! I'm Dirty Bird, and now it's time to count like the government counts . . . ready? Okay, Military! One million, two billion, three trillion, four zillion! That's called escalation of numbers!

Military
1 million
2 billion
3 trillion
4 zillion



Now it's time for cutting down! Okay, now, tighten your belts and begin on education! Four million, three thousand, two hundred, one! That's it! Bye!

Education
4 million
3 thousand
2 hundred

1



Hey, Curt,
what's that
you have?

A toy
telephone,
Scary!

Gee, it looks
just like a
real phone!

It works just like a
real one, too! Watch!
Dial my number—4448!

This is
fun!
4-4-4-8 . . .



I'm sorry, but your
call did not go
through! Be sure you
are dialing correctly!
Hang up and dial
again! Thank you!

Try
again,
Scary!

Okay . . .
4-4-
4-8

I'm sorry, but the
number you have
reached is not a
working number!
Please check your
local directory!

C'mon,
try again!

All right, Curt,
but this isn't
as much fun as
I thought it
would be!
4-4-
4-8

I'm sorry, but
all the circuits
are busy at this
time! Please
try again later.
Thank you!

Great,
huh?



Great? Why, I tried 3 times and couldn't get you once!

That's what makes this toy phone so real! If you did get me it would spoil everything!

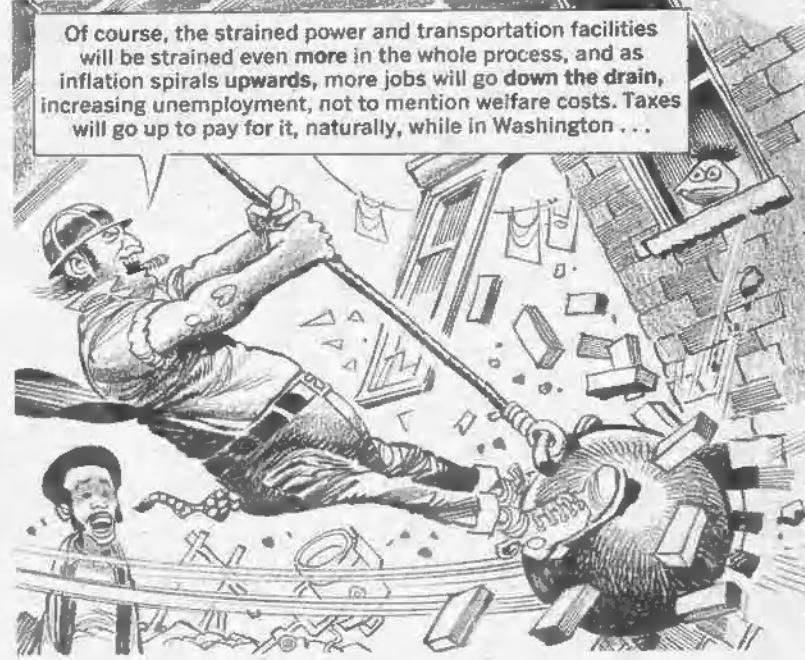
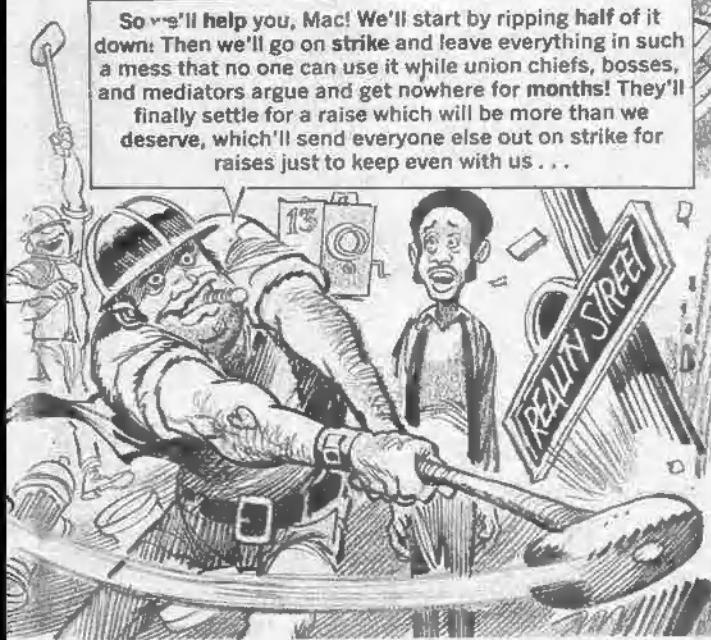
Well, it looks like we've run out of time for today! But we'll be back tomorrow to bring you another ...

Fat chance, buddy! We're here to knock this set down!

But you can't do that! This is Reality Street, especially constructed to show our young people about life today!

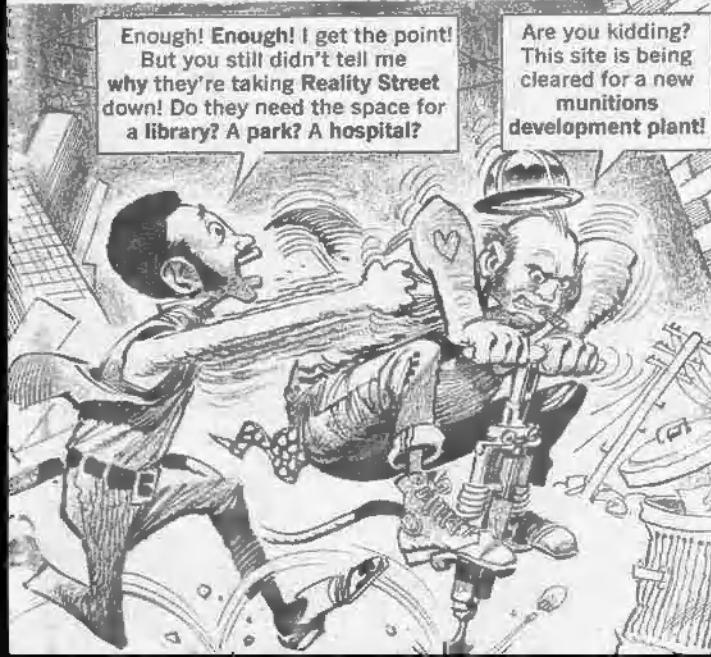


So we'll help you, Mac! We'll start by ripping half of it down! Then we'll go on strike and leave everything in such a mess that no one can use it while union chiefs, bosses, and mediators argue and get nowhere for months! They'll finally settle for a raise which will be more than we deserve, which'll send everyone else out on strike for raises just to keep even with us ...



Enough! Enough! I get the point! But you still didn't tell me why they're taking Reality Street down! Do they need the space for a library? A park? A hospital?

Are you kidding? This site is being cleared for a new munitions development plant!



**WHAT'S ALWAYS
BEEN THE
FAVORITE
METHOD FOR
CAMOUFLAGING
MILITARY
ACTIVITY?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN

Throughout history, military experts have devised many clever means for concealment of wartime actions. But the best and most effective way is still the old way. To see just what it is, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



WHENEVER TROOPS CAMOUFLAGE SOME MILITARY SITE
THEY ALWAYS TRY TO BLEND THEMSELVES IN
WITH SURROUNDINGS, AVOIDING COLORS THAT CLASH

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A►

◀B

THE FOUR HORSEMAN OF THE METROPOLIS



IDEA BY FRANK JACOBS

Thurston

ARTIST: JACK THURSTON